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ZACHARY TAYLOR.

ONE of the most affecting incidents we have heard connected with the death of General Taylor, that great event which has, more than any similar incident of many years, touched the heart of the American community, is the circumstance of crowds of the country people flocking to the railway stations to know if this sudden report could be true. This individualizes to our minds the interest in the late President felt by the masses, which seems vague and indefinite, abstract and remote, when spoken of simply as felt by the country. The nation collectively does feel this calamity, but in this incident we have a glimpse of the people who compose this community. We see the men coming from their houses and from their labors, seeking news of a personal friend, and we may imagine some among them grieving as if a part of their own life had been taken from them. To each President Taylor had appeared a revival of the great first incumbent of the office. They saw in him, and the thought at least did honor to their hopes and wishes, the inheritor of the virtues of George Washington. They had loved to couple the names together and trace the parallel in their lives and fortunes. There were grounds for the suggestion of resemblance. Both were remarkable, not merely for their military and civic worth, but for the same modesty and sincerity in its manifestation. Talking with neither at Washington would you have been likely to be reminded of the soldier. They did not carry the military man out of the camp or battle field. Members of a profession, the military, the most prone to public display and the exercise of personal vanity,—a profession living on the breath of popular admiration in proportion as it is essentially unsupported by the healthy natural instincts of society—neither bore about him that atmosphere of egotism apt to invest great popular commanders. People heard no trumpetings from Washington of Trenton, or from Taylor of Buena Vista. The latter could afford to throw discredit on the horrors of war—as he did. A consequence of this moderation regarding his military calling is seen in the notices written of him since his death. His friends seem to have forgotten his brilliant Mexican victories in their consideration of him as a man, a lover of justice, of moderation, of simple habits, the firm patriot and Protector of the Union,—the President of the whole American People. His memory, it is felt, does not need the tinsel glorification of ordinary military fame.

Mr. Webster well remarked in the Senate,

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coupling his assertion with one of those great moral reflections, pregnant with meaning for future times, to which his mind naturally rises on great occasions:—"I believe, that associated with the highest admiration for those military qualities possessed by him, there was spread throughout the community a high degree of confidence and faith in his integrity and honor and uprightness as a man. I believe he was specially regarded as both a firm and a mild man in the exercise of authority. And I have observed more than once, in this and in other popular governments, that the prominent motive with the masses of mankind for conferring high power on individuals, is a confidence in their mildness. Their parental protection is regarded as of a sure and safe character. The people naturally feel safe where they feel themselves under the control and protection of sober counsel—men of impartial minds and a general paternal superintendence."

The public view of President Taylor of late was blended with the consideration of the peculiar state questions in which his office was concerned. It will now return to the man as he first became known to the people in the half-forgotten epithet, "Old Zack." His doughty resolution, his courage, his honesty, his plain sincerity, his simple "rough and ready" manners, come back to us as we recall the time when the whole nation hung in suspense upon his movements in a foreign land, with his isolated band of our countrymen in Mexico; when he was in danger and in peril, and the perplexities of statesmanship at home would have been aggravated by his defeat,—but that defeat was never heard of. Still he fought on and fought it out, repaired all the errors of the campaign by victory, and still remained the placid, calm Zachary Taylor, with not a trace of egotism or vanity about him. It was felt that enough of the man lay under the soldier to support the civilian, and that such virtues were useful to any station. They were fast proving so in the capital, amidst the most important trials of the State. When familiarity with public business had ripened his self-confidence, he would, we may be assured, have stood more prominently forward in the State, and have held no indistinct position, whatever the cost, in the maintenance of every sound principle of morals and right, before the public eye.

"We cannot call to mind," says a writer on this event, "any man who has lingered in obscurity so late in life, through so long a term of unnoticed and little-rewarded labor, and the close of which has broken upon us with such sudden and comprehensive splendor." The remark is striking and true. Yet though the public familiarity with the late President had been the growth of but a few years—such was the singleness of his character, his devotion to the one principle of duty, which he remembered and left as a memorable legacy to the people in his dying words, that he was at once known and understood from the beginning. There was nothing brought forward in the severe test of character—the election to the Presidency—to distract the judgment formed by the people, as it were instinctively, of the modest worth and sincerity of the plain soldier, when first visible to the

sight of his countrymen, on the banks of the Rio Grande. As he appeared then he had lived before, and so he died, connecting the principles and manners of the Founder of the Republic with our own day, keeping alive before us the "holy flame" of Washington.

THE PURSUIT OF THE IMMEDIATE.

If my Lord Coke were alive at the present day, he would have frequent occasion to remind the world of the favorite phrase with which, in his Institutes, he pointed young students to the twenty years' lucubrations of the law, warning them repeatedly, in his quaint proverb, of the *præpropera praxis, prepostera lectio*. He thought it was time enough to do a thing when you have understood it. We have changed all that, and completely reversed the maxim. The cart, as a general rule, is put before the horse.

You may see it in everything, from the highest to the lowest, from the politician who makes your state to the bit of Irishry which concocts your pudding, from the new divines who manufacture your religion to the bubble farce writer who tickles your amusement. All is ready made, cheap, and worthless. We live in the instant. The future takes care of itself; that is, it does nothing for us when it comes round, though a wise man might desire its help. Age should bring us honor, wealth, character; but growing old is not part of the system even for the individual.

In education, which takes us at the beginning of life, you will see far too much sacrificed, by men, too, who should know better, to the immediately practical. Children, they say, choose their own schoolmaster and their own studies. To make the innovation of asking from them a certain amount of knowledge on a definite subject, is a severe test for an institution on better principles. The classics, too, must be sacrificed in a course of study, because their influence and operation cannot be weighed in the merchandise of the hour. Colleges are to be reorganized to fit the student, like a piece of machinery, for some specific department of duty. The old sense of a University, the culture of the whole man, is to be abolished. Facts are more thought of than principles, achievements than character. The *ars longa* is dissipated in the triumphs of the moment, though the *vita brevis* is retained. We have seldom any longer students and scholars, but, for the most part, simply graduates, implying neither,—a plentiful crop of A. B.'s, with the hay harvest, gazetted in the newspapers, and there generally an end. Masters of Arts, to be sure, queer-looking personages, with faces unrecognised by Minerva, ascend the platform commencement days and pocket diplomas—at ten dollars a head. The love of the immediate runs through the whole system of education.

In Politics we have governments set up, Constitutions and Codes of Law made and remade, annexation schemes of the most portentous character; conquests of old lands, all to be accomplished with the facility of a conjuror's trick, in a limited number of hours. The motto is *Veni, vidi, vici*, but Signor Lopez returns, notwithstanding, by the first boat. The

world is insensible to the ridiculous. In hot haste, with the dust of Cuba on his feet, he ascends a balcony and promises to the admiring crowd a new feat of the impossible—for it is the age of large promises in politics, of 54° 40'—minus the discount. You may be just as successful in making a Republic out of a monarchy. It is done in a day, and the fête celebrated. You vote it in and proclaim it, it is one and indefeasible; but it won't stay voted, and is a monarchy still.

The age has undoubtedly achieved some memorable exploits in science, and has quacked it a great deal too. The Telegraph and Railway "annihilate space and time," but the Fourth of July has passed, and water is neither burnt nor lighted, is neither fuel nor gas. The Delaware and Hudson stock retains its respectable percentage at the Exchange, coals are consumed in Collins's steamers, and resin and the public are still taken in by the Gas Company.

Brummell's valet was seen crossing the court from his master's dressing-room with an arm full of crumpled cravats. He was asked by a bystander what he was carrying. "Only our failures," was the imperturbable reply. And the genius of Eighteen Hundred and Fifty says the same.

The Immediate builds steamboats of tinder, and roasts the passengers alive; constructs houses which fall into tombs and monuments upon the passers-by; is an adept at prospectuses and miscellaneous lying; gets into every province of business and morals; sends ferry-boats to California to be wrecked at the Hook; is everywhere penny-wise and pound foolish; makes theatrical stars out of scene-shifters and candle-snuffers, and at the opposite end of the social scale puffs clergymen into divines of long-established eminence by a three weeks' advertisement in the newspapers. Anybody makes a new religion nowadays, a patent Christianity. The old is better.

An amusing anecdote is told of a well-meaning individual newly elevated, by the sudden acquisition of wealth, to the duties and responsibilities of polite society. He undertook a dinner to his friends. Everything was of the newest gloss. Presently he came to wines. Ah! says he, here is a genuine article, an American wine made on the spot, not a month old. It is a new thing in the market, just got up, something you never tasted before. I ordered it of my grocer. He calls it sherry!

How many of our new divines are entertaining us in a similar way!

The evil must be expected to cure itself. So it will, but it may kill the individual. I may be quacked by a cheap surgeon and become extinct. If I am hung in Cuba the glorious cause of Revolution lives on, but I am carrion for the birds of the air. The halter fits very tight, though the area of freedom is enlarging. John Smith, who is burnt in a steamboat or drowned in a rail-car, is beyond the lessons of prudence and experience. In less matters we may profit. Anti-paying-dividend stocks will be eschewed, the breeches pocket become inexorable to swindlers and prospectuses. We will not invite the boring A. M.'s to dinner, but cut them ruthlessly, notwithstanding their parchment. Your swaggerer will be abolished by all reasonable men. And the world will move along its heavenly orbit by impulses not of to-day to end to-morrow; but by that chain of sequence, the bond of eternal laws, which binds antiquity with futurity.

DRAFTS AT SIGHT ON THE SOUTH-WEST.

VIII.

TERM-TIME IN THE BACKWOODS, AND A MESTANG COURT.

LAWYERS, scenting prey afar,
Hasten to the scene of war,
Gamblers, parsons, culprits, clients,
Fat men, lean men, dwarfs, and giants,
Buckskin shirts and broadcloth coats;
Barefeet, moccasins and boots,
Dress of every, and no fashion;
Men from all parts of creation,
Until the town is all alive
And swarming, seems a human hive.

If any one would see the backwoods' character in perfection, let him visit some frontier county town during "court week." One may ride through and through a thickly-settled county, from north to south, and from east to west, until he delusively imagines he has seen every face in it, and that he can count the settlers. But let him be in "town" on the first day of court, and he will soon find how much deceived he has been with regard to the population. He will see them pouring in from every imaginable direction, by every possible road, and some that appear decidedly impossible; wagon roads, main roads, "cow trails," and "blazes," all alive, and with a truly heterogeneous mass. The lawyers from the other counties, who, scenting the spoil afar off, have just dropped in for their share; district attorneys and state attorneys, judges and jurymen, criminals and witnesses, parsons and gamblers, horse-jockeys and hard-fisted planters; peripatetic pie and gingerbread venders, who come with the intent of establishing an extemporaneous hotel, spreading their table under the trees, and cooking their "chicken fixin's," *al fresco*—all swell the throng, and fill up the "town," even to overflowing.

For the time being, not only every house in the village is filled, but the country for miles around is laid under contribution to provide the crowds with food and shelter.

During the day the streets resemble the purlieus of a bee-hive, when something unusual has excited its noisy little inmates; but at night they are again emptied, the lawyers herding together for a frolic, a game of poker, or to ponder over some knotty point; the jovial gentry, who came for the fun of it, either gone home, or far past going anywhere, and everything quiet except at the "groceries," which are usually filled with a jolly set, imbibing "old corn," or indulging in a little "faro" in the back room.

The dress of the *dramatis personæ* differs as widely as the persons. Here is a gentleman in broadcloth, with his invariable accompaniment, the gold-headed cane, taking a friendly drink with that rough-looking customer in the buckskin hunting shirt, or perhaps unprovided with the latter article.

Here comes a fellow, hooping and yelling, down the street on a scrub of a mestang. "Captain Whiskey" has taken him in charge certainly; but see, he stops, jumps from his horse, and salutes that grave and quiet-looking gentleman, who might pass for a judge or a clergyman, with a slap on the back, and—"Hello, old hoss, whar hev you been thiscoon's age?" and they go in to "wood up."

The people seem to look upon law as a species of amusement, and to regard "court week" in something of the light that the Down-Easter does the "General Training." The most petty cases, even in the Justice's Court, are ushered in with a formality, and conducted with an earnestness which is but little in keeping with the amount at stake. Some years

since a very sensible and worthy Yankee—a physician—was elected "Justice," and in a few days after he had been properly qualified for the office, called upon to decide in a weighty matter, probably involving the value of five dollars. At nine in the morning the Doctor made his appearance, and shortly after, the rival attorneys followed suit, each loaded down with books, as if they were about to be engaged in some such momentous affair as the suit of Mrs. Gaines, or the heirs of Anike Jans. "For heaven's sake, gentlemen," exclaimed the alarmed magistrate, "you do not expect to read them through to me! if you do, I shall tell you once for all, that I am appointed, not to judge of nice points of law, but to give my decisions according to the simple dictates of justice and common sense; and if you do not like that, you can take your case out of my shop, and carry it up."

To work, the opposing counsel went, and despite the deprecatory prayer of the afflicted magistrate, read page after page, hurled point after point, precedent after precedent, Coke upon Littleton, and Littleton upon somebody else, on his devoted head; until, perfectly bewildered, he allowed them to have their own way. As usual, the "court" adjourned for dinner; and after dinner, at it they went again until dark, and the case was then put over until the morrow. After the adjournment, and before leaving the house, Dr. — turned to Mr. —, the longer winded of the two pettifoggers, and said: "Mr. —, I have heard you with patience, and have wasted one entire day about this trifling case. If your time is worth nothing, *mine* is, and I shall come here to-morrow at nine to give you my decision. If you can possibly have any more to say, you must say it within one hour after my arrival, or you can settle the affair between yourselves, as you best may." Mr. — assured the Doctor that he would conclude in a few words, and they parted for the night.

At the appointed time the Doctor arrived on horseback, hitched his horse, went in, took his seat, and as he did so, pulled out his watch and laid it upon the table before him.

The case re-commenced, and — again went on with his interminable argument. After listening for an hour, the Doctor very quietly put his watch in his pocket, left the room, mounted his horse, and rode off upon his business, leaving Mr. — continuing his harangue, and supposing the doctor's absence was but temporary. How long he continued I know not, but it was long a standing joke against him; and it is said the doctor was bored with no more tedious trials.

To the town, where—for the time being—the district court is in session, flock all the petty gamblers of the adjoining county. As a general thing, they are men of very small capital indeed. In fact, of the dozen or more of these "*chevaliers d'industrie*," who are always to be found upon such occasions, it is very seldom that more than one of them possesses enough of the *res pecunie* to commence business, with a very moderate *Faro Bank*. Around the bank, when opened, the remainder of the gang cling, until a run of luck shall have made some one of them master of the funds, and broken the pro tem. banker.

The then holder of their very circulating medium, now commences business himself, and continues until tripped up in the same manner as his predecessor, and the game continues to be played day after day, and week after week, reminding one—for all the world—of a flock of hens pursuing the fortunate finder of a kernel of corn, chasing her until she drops it; and then—the

loser joining with her compeers in the chase—all hands start after the fender, until the disputed article is usually lost! whereas, had they all attended to their legitimate business, each might have found a kernel of her own.

The "picayune gambler," as he is there called, usually owns a horse and rigging, and a floating capital of from fifty cents to one hundred dollars. The horse is his last resource, and only staked when affairs become desperate indeed; when lost, the quondam owner is said to be *flat broke* or *flat footed*, and must beg, borrow, or steal, for a stake.

As they never work, and are always hanging about the taverns and groceries, it is rather astonishing how they contrive to subsist; but subsist they do, and as each clique about every little town have just a certain amount of money among them, I imagine that stray pigeons are found in sufficient numbers, from time to time, whose plucking serves to keep their expenses from eating up their capital.

The quiet inhabitants do not dare to interfere with the clan openly, but on the contrary, prefer keeping up some pretence of good fellowship with them; and all attempts to uproot them by law have entirely failed.

The town of — was more than usually infested with these pernicious vermin, and the judges and district attorneys determined, for once, to put every engine of the law in force against them.

The first attempt was made by Judge J., who was himself fond of a quiet game. Now the laws of Texas punish simple card playing as well as gambling; and towards the close of the term, the judge had a quiet hint given him that he, and nearly every member of the bar had been indicted, and a true bill found against them, for card-playing in their rooms. He was forced to adjourn the court, and not appear there again.

Judge S. followed, but he had been seen to play a game of euker with his wife, by some mischievous or interested person, and to his utter astonishment found his name included among those indicted for gambling. He, in a violent rage, adjourned the court upon the spot.

This last affair amused everybody in the county, as much as it did the faro players. The old judge has well earned the sobriquet of "Old Dignity" by his extreme pomposity. He spoke of himself upon all possible occasions as "the Court." One day passing down the main street in H—, a mule that had been hitched to an awning-post wheeled, and nearly kicked him. The judge, apparently furious, gesticulated, and shook his cane violently at the offending animal, and a wag who was passing at the time declared positively that Judge S. had said, in an emphatic tone, "if that mule had kicked *this Court*, *this Court* would have sent that mule to jail." This story, which obtained extensive circulation, annoyed the old gentleman prodigiously.

Having played the same game twice, the gamblers prepared to turn a new trump at the next session. They had their spies and witnesses about, and when a non-card-playing, but very good-natured judge made his appearance, and the grand jury went to work to obtain proper testimony relative to faro dealing, &c., they got rather more than they wanted, for information was laid against almost every respectable man in the county, including the members of the grand jury, foreman and all.

They let the ticklish subject slip through their fingers, and the whole affair was laughed at as a capital joke.

At last came Judge W., a stern, uncon-

promising man, who would have had no scruples or remorse in punishing the whole county, had they transgressed the laws, and we thought that the gamblers' game was up.

He actually succeeded in sentencing five of the most notorious to a fine of one thousand dollars each, and an imprisonment of six months. This was all very well, but the next thing was to collect the fine, and find a place to incarcerate them. As far as the fine was concerned, that he thought he had fixed, for their imprisonment was to continue until it was paid; and as for the imprisonment, there being no jail in the county, he gave them an order for board and lodging upon a public establishment of the penitentiary—not penitential—order in the next county.

The rogues were a set of jolly vagabonds, and had that species of honor said to exist among thieves. They offered the sheriff to save him the trouble of a ride of sixty miles and back, and deliver themselves up, and the officer trusted them so far, as to accompany himself alone without guard.

He delivered them over upon a fine *Saturday* afternoon, and upon parting, they inquired if he had any word to send home.

On *Sunday morning*, they were back again in time for breakfast, and as our sheriff had fulfilled his duty, and the jailor below was glad to be rid of them, they were let alone. This terminated the legal war upon the gamblers, and they were given up as a bad job.

One of the principal amusements of the bar during these sessions of the court, is to assemble in some sufficiently capacious room, after indulging in all the boyish games that occur to them, to institute mock proceedings against some one of their number, for some ridiculous, imaginary offence.

One of these "circuit evenings" is very green in my memory—and I do not ever remember to have laughed so long or so heartily before or since, as I did then, at seeing the wisest and most intelligent men in the county entering with perfectly childish enjoyment and abandon, into childish jokes and childish games.

The scene was a log hut, containing one room and some dozen beds, upon which, lying, sitting, or in an intermediate posture, were at least thirty members of the courts.

After playing "Simon," "What is my Thought Like?" and a dozen similar games, one of the company arose and announced in a most funereal tone that a member of the bar had—he deeply and sincerely regretted to state—been guilty of a most aggravated offence against decency, and the dignity of his profession, and he therefore moved that a Judge be appointed and the case regularly inquired into.

By an unanimous vote, Judge G.—the fattest and funniest of the assembly—was elected to the bench, and the "Mestang" or "Kangaroo Court" regularly organized. Impossible as it would be for one to convey to the reader a correct idea of the ludicrous and supremely ridiculous scene which ensued, I will yet attempt it.

The Judge opened the court something in this wise:—"Gentlemen of the Bar, Jury, Witnesses, Criminals and Constables, Clerks of the Court, and Prosecuting Attorneys—It has been a source of deep regret to me and doubtless to many of you, that our bar—of the grocery I mean—has of late fallen into disuse, owing to the great want of criminal fines properly imposed, whereby the pockets of the bar-tenders, and throats of our honorable body have suffered an unprecedented dryness.

"It therefore behoves us all, acting in our several capacities, to do our duty most strictly

in this matter. Suffering no criminal to go unpunished—no innocent accused, to escape conviction, but each one striving for the common end, heap up fines to be liquidated in liquors at the bar, payable in a circulating medium, whose circulation has not been above medium in these latter days—and thus evade the deep and heavy mantle of disgrace which is fast settling around our once honored shoulders.

"The case about to be submitted to you is one of an extraordinary and atrocious character—"

SPECTATOR. "Had not your honor better appoint a jury before proceeding to trial?"

JUDGE. "Silence, sir, do you dare instruct the court? Mr. Sheriff, I fine this person 'whiskey straight' for contempt of court, and do you attend to the collection."

SECOND SPECTATOR. "Please your honor, no sheriff has yet been nominated."

JUDGE. "Thomas Jones, you are hereby appointed the High Sheriff of this, our honorable court, and will collect of the contumacious individual who last volunteered his knowledge, a treat all around, as soon as I shall have administered the customary oaths of office. Stand up, sir—take off your coat—now. You, Thomas Jones, in the presence of this hon. body, do most distinctly affirm that you will perform the duties of your onerous office in a worthy and dignified manner; that when sent after a criminal you will never return a non est comeatibus; but in default of the guilty party, pick up the first man you can lay hands on; that when sent to the grocery to collect a fine you will not drink more than half the liquor on your homeward path, that you will never fob any change, without handing over one half the nett proceeds to the court—all this you promise truly and faithfully to perform, as you fear your wife, and love brandy and water.

SHERIFF (*looking around and speaking hesitatingly*). "If—any—gentleman—will—hold—will hold my hat, while I take a swear—"

JUDGE. "No you don't, sir, no swearing here, or I'll fine you—your word is as good as your bond, and neither of them worth a copper. Select a jury, sir."

The jury being properly selected his honor proceeded to address them:—

JUDGE. "Gentlemen of the Jury—The case about to be presented to you, as I have before remarked, is one of an extraordinary and atrocious character. One who has hitherto concealed his crime beneath the exterior of respectable age, is now to be stripped of the cloak that has so long shrouded him from a prying world. Mr. Sheriff, trot out the individual."

The sheriff here produced the youngest, most correctly attired, and by far the finest looking member present.

JUDGE. "Ah, well, not so old after all, but, gentlemen, it makes no difference, he *will* be, should he live long enough. Who appears upon the part of the Republic? Mr. Clerk, read the indictment:—

THE INDICTMENT.

The Mestang Republic.

*Kangaroo, to wit:—*At the special court of Kangaroo county, begun and holden in the very extensive city of Kangaroo, to wit: One old shed for a court-house, two taverns such as they are, one blacksmith shop, with a post-office attachment, six groceries which we mean to leave as dry as an old maid's lips, five banks (faro), and nothing else. On the last Tuesday of pea time, and Anno Domini, not a soul of us can distinctly remember, having

very lately dined, although the last is of very little consequence:

The Jurors for the Mustang Republic on their oath, present that JOHN SMITH, of no particular place, calling himself a gentleman, although no one believes him, did, somewhere in the vicinity of the last "cotton scraping time," there or thereabouts, and not much matter when, so he did it—with sticks, stones, guns, and pistols, and a pair of instruments called, known, and described, in vulgar parlance—"lips," being the labial protuberances of the human face divine. [Any one, however, who might call the said John Smith's face divine, if not quite a fool, must at least be six degrees the other side of idiocy] inflict upon the right cheek of certain juvenile female colored person, of the age of seventy—there or thereabouts, known to the community in general, as Polly, a kiss of about the size of a dollar, or perhaps a dollar and a half, or perhaps two dollars, thereby injuring the feelings, compromising the character, and undermining the health of the said "Polly," occasioning an explosion, which disturbed the slumbers of many citizens who were then enjoying a siesta, intruding upon the majesty of this Republic, and reflecting upon the dignity of a profession, of which, however, the least said the better.

And the jurors aforesaid do further present that they could add any given number of counts to this indictment, but as it would consume some time, the Court will suppose anything found against the said Smith which the said Court may please.

THOMAS JENKINS, *Foreman of the Grand Jury.*
WILLIAM BROWN, *Attorney General.*

The testimony upon the part of the prosecution was upon a par with the indictment. One witness swearing that he saw the woman Polly emerge from the prisoner's room with a large white spot upon her cheek; another, that aroused by a terrific explosion, he saw Polly rushing out; a third, that Polly had applied to him for a plaster to draw "the fire" from the wound; and several testified to the excessively delicate condition of the sufferer's health since the sad accident.

After a flaming speech by the prosecuting Attorney, the prisoner, being called upon for his defence, arose and replied as follows:—

Gentlemen of the Jury:—Suddenly arrested in the midst of a career of usefulness, honor, and happiness; charged with an ignominious crime, it is to me a source of most heartfelt gratification, that I am to appear before a body of men of so much intelligence, so highly favored by nature, with noble forms, and expressive countenances, and endowed by the faithful Schneider's art with such unexceptionable vestments.

The prosecuting Attorney, he, of the petrified heart and revolting phiz, flatters himself that he has macadamized the road which will conduct me to the silent tomb; which, gentlemen, he is full well aware would be my teneament, should your fateful voices not declare me free from spot or stain.

He has magnetized a rope of sand, and burns me with it; but see, how with one touch of the wand of Truth, potent as Ithuriel's spear, it will fall asunder.

Brought up in my earlier days by a father and mother, I soon was taught

Since innocence is bliss, 'tis the height of folly to do any otherwise,

and have continued to increase in virtue and in size, until a few short years past, when finding my full perfectness attained, I shut down, and have done no more in that line since.

This, gentlemen, is the first rude blight that has fallen upon my budding fame; the first cloud that has darkened my brilliant horizon of future promise, but that cloud shall be swept away by the breath of your all potent voice. My sun shall shine again in your smiles, the bud refreshed by my fast falling, falling tears (*applying a handkerchief to his eyes*), shall rejuvenate to its primeval lustre.

SPECTATOR (*interrupting*). T'wont, salt water aint good for plants.

PRISONER (*resuming*). Silence, Sir, and pity the sorrows of a poor young man. Gentlemen, on that sad day upon which I am charged with the commission of so heinous an offence, having partaken with you of a full, but not sumptuous dinner, I retired to my accustomed room to recuperate wearied nature with a restorative siesta.

My waking senses lapsed soon into forgetfulness. I had been thinking, I remember, of our approaching annexation, and busy imagination pictured me to myself, as wrapped to sleep in the folds of the star-spangled banner, while the Eagle of Freedom, with slow-moving wings, fanned my moist, but burning brow. I walked in Elysium, in the vale of Tempe, rare flowers were blooming around me, filling the eye with beauty, and the air with fragrance. Birds of gorgeous plumage flitted to and fro, or rested upon some flower-clad tree, and breathed forth their delicious notes. Fat turkeys that I had not dined upon, were swimming before me in a duck pond of cranberry sauce, and gobbling ferociously at a particularly tough and dyspeptic piece of hung beef, upon which I had.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream, the heavens were clothed with black, a peal of thunder burst upon my ear, and rolled in terrific grandeur, echoing from crag to crag. I sprang up in affright, and, behold, it was Judge G., saluting my washerwoman. The sufferer, taken at surprise by the rude assault, rushed from the apartment. The culprit quaked with fear, waddled towards the bed, and ducked under it, to hide his diminished head. A companion who had been dozing—joint occupant with me of my bed, assisted me, and we finally, *vi et armis*—

JUDGE. No *Choctaw*, Sir—use plain English.

PRISONER. Well, then, by main force, we drew him from his position, and having lectured him with tears in our eyes, bade him go and sin no more. I now call upon Tobias Wilkins to prove the truth of my statement.

I shall not recapitulate the testimony of Wilkins, which corroborated the prisoner's assertion. After another speech or two, the Judge charged the jury, bearing down upon the prisoner ferociously, and ordering them to give him the benefit of the most severe sentence in their power. The jury, after a moment's whispered consultation, announced by the then Foreman that they had found a verdict.

JUDGE. What say you, gentlemen? Guilty, or not guilty?

FOREMAN. We wish to inquire of your Honor, whether Polly is in a state of single blessedness, or a legalized sticking plaster to the side of some respectable colored gentleman.

JUDGE. Married, I believe; although I cannot imagine what that has to do with the case.

FOREMAN. We then find your Honor, Judge G., to be guilty of *piracy* upon the *high seize*, having plundered a smack, and of *counterfeiting*, for your portable imitation of Thunder. You will, therefore, please put

your old fur cap upon your head, and sentence *yourself* to pay for all the fluids at the bar, to which we are about to adjourn, the *District Attorney* to find the necessary cigars, and the *informer* the eatables.

REVIEWS.

Miscellanies. By William R. Williams. 2d Edition. Edward H. Fletcher.

Books from clergymen, we mean practical working clergymen who go into their pulpits and preach every Sunday, are generally good books. There is little temptation for the clergyman to indulge in the common passion of the young and inexperienced to rush into print. In his weekly audience of friends attached to him by the highest and nearest ties beyond those of intimate family relationship which any station can command, with his auditors listening with the combined respect due to one uttering the words of eternal import under the express authority of Heaven—with a range of topics before him embracing not only the boundless circuit of the material universe, but all that we know or can conjecture of the spiritual world beyond—with these themes and the undivided sympathy of his hearers there can, we think, be little temptation for the clergyman to launch out on the sea of literature.

For the sake of literature we could almost regret this tendency; for the sake of Christianity we should not wish the feeling lessened. How more noble a position does the robed priest, the parson in his pulpit, present than an individual of the same sacred calling ever athirst for notoriety, using the title of his calling on one title page where he thinks it may tell, dropping it on another where it will "hardly do." We are stating, fortunately for literature as well as the clerical profession, an extreme case, but one that illustrates the unavoidable tendency of one of the courses of which we have spoken.

When the two characters of clergyman and author are so combined that the productions of the latter, are but as it were the growth of the former, the overflowings of the pulpit's teaching or the study's labors, the expansion of the sermon from the transitory half hour's instruction of a band of worshippers, to the permanent, ever ready, ever equally forcible teaching of the printed page, reaching the confines of the earth instead of faintly dying away in the corners and aisles of brick and mortar limits, we have a combination which is a truly noble one, a combination which in every great age of European and especially of English literature has added to the noble array of the library its choicest tomes. Taylor was none the less the faithful country parson and noble Bishop in his lifetime for the Holy Living and Dying, which, passing the bounds of his own earthly existence, come down to us with promise of a life only to be bounded by the duration of the language. Hooker, Barrow, Leighton, Robert Hall, the scores who could be named, none the less useful in life for the effort to be useful after death as well.

The Rev. Dr. Williams occupies a high place in the religious community of which he is a minister; but in the wider field of letters he is certainly less known than his high abilities entitle him to be. With the exception of the first portion of this volume, "the Conservative Principle in our Literature," which we are happy to see ran through three editions, its contents are new to the public.

The simple title page, which we have placed at the head of our article, is followed

by a preface whose brevity is only equalled by its modesty. For once in American Literature it seems that a publisher has been found who has more faith in the success of a book than the author himself. We echo back the good wish of the dedication, but are far from wishing or expecting to see it confined to the narrow limit spoken of by the author. If the book does not "return" enough to gladden the author with copy money as well as the publisher with profit, we shall be disappointed.

In Dr. Williams's view the worthy, the only sufficient "conservative principle" of literature is Christianity, and, by a conservative principle is to be understood, not a merely regulating influence, a corrective piece of the machinery, but the vital lifegiving force. It is literature united with Christianity—a theme so comprehensive as not to be readily exhausted. In the first of the papers before us it is treated as the cure of the utilitarian, of the sensual, of the lawless, of the indifferent and of the superstitious tendencies of the times. Each of these is a popular vice and as such must more or less infect the popular literature. The spirit of Christianity is hostile to them all; and as a means of education is the soundest, the wisest, and the simplest ever uttered. Its reception is the key to the profound in character, the deepest principles of morals, and the clearest exercise of the intellect.

In vindicating this our author points fearlessly to the corruptions of the times. Does no one recognise this picture of growing lawlessness?

"We have said that proposals of social reform are not causes of wonder. Already human life is less secure in many portions of our republic than under some of the European monarchies; and frauds and embezzlements are less surely and less severely punished. In some of our legislatures, in the very halls, and under the awful eye, as it were, of the embodied Justice of the State, brawls and murders have occurred, in which our legislators were the combatants and the victims. And yet in such a state of things, when human life is growing daily cheaper, and the fact of assassination seems so awoken scarce a tithe of the sympathy, horror, and inquiry, which it provoked in our fathers' times—it is in such a state of things, that by a strange paradox, a singular clemency for the life of the assassin seems to be springing up. In a nation lax to a fault in the vindication of human life when illegally taken away, the protest is made most passionately against its being taken away legally; and the abolition of Capital Punishment is demanded by earnest and able agitators. Would that the picture, thus dark, were but the sketch of Fancy; unhappily its gloomy hues are but the stern coloring of Truth. Can the patriot, as he watches such omens, fail to see the coming judgment? Can he shut his eyes against the fact so broadly printed on all the pages of history, that anarchy makes despotism necessary; that men who are left lawless soon fly for refuge even to a sceptre of iron, and a law of blood; that a Robespierre has ever prepared the way for a Bonaparte, and the arts of the reckless demagogue, like Catiline, have smoothed the path for the violence of the able usurper, like Caesar? Of all this, should it unhappily continue or increase, the effects must with growing rapidity be seen in the injury done to our literature. There is a close and strange connexion between moral and literary integrity. Not only does social confusion discourage the artist and the scholar, but disjointed and anarchical times are often marked by a want of laborious truth, and of seriousness and earnestness on the part of the popular writers. A passion for frivolity, a temper that snatches at temporary triumphs by flattering the whim of the hour, and a science of agreeable, heartless trifling,

spring up in such days to the bane alike of all eloquence, and of all truth."

Have we not known the examples which have been before the eye of the moralist in this sketch of a corrupted and corrupting Press?—

"The influence of a demoralized and demoralizing literature it is scarce possible to portray in too gloomy colors. There were days in the history of revolutionary France when it would have been difficult to say which had been the more destructive engine, the press as worked by Marat, or the guillotine as managed by Robespierre. If the one was reeking continually with fresh blood, and heaped up its hecatombs of the dead, the other ran with a more deadly venom, that corroded the hearts of the living. Our cheap press, from its powers of diffusive influence, would make a literature that should be merely frivolous, and not flagrantly vicious, one of no little harm to the mental soundness of the nation. A race of heroes, such as Plutarch portrays, could never grow up if fed only on the spoonmeats and syllabubs of an elegant literature, and finding their entertainment in the lisps and pulings of a feeble sentimentalism. If the press be more than frivolous, if it have become licentious, its ravages on a reading community, and in a free country—and such a community and country God has made ours—are incalculable. For character and private peace, for honesty and morals, for the domestic charities, and for life itself, there remains no asylum on earth, when such a press is allowed to run a muck against the victims that its caprice, its interest, or its pique may select. There have been newspapers circulating in Christian America, that would have been hailed in the cities of the plain, on the day ere the avenging fires fell from Heaven, as the utterance of no uncongenial spirit, the work of men morally acclimated to breathe that atmosphere of putridity and death. There have been seen, as editors, men whose hearts seem to have become first ossified, and then carious, in the exercise of their vocation, alike hardened in feeling and corrupted in principle, men who had no mercy, no conscience, and no shame. And such men have been not only suffered but applauded, courted, and bribed, while 'a reading public,' to use a phrase of the times, has been found to gather eagerly around the moral slaughter houses, over which such spirits presided; and has delighted itself in snuffing the fumes of each fresh sacrifice, feeding on the garbage, and drenching their souls in the puddles there supplied. The extent of the moral taint already spread from such foul sources of corruption, who can estimate? Were such to become the pervading and controlling spirit of our literature, that literature, and the society which sustains it, must collapse and perish, a loathsome mass of festering corruption."

Is this exhibition of a theoretical infidelity received into the circulation of practical life overcharged?

"In Germany, the country that has most cultivated this hideous error, it has as yet, we believe, prevailed chiefly among portions of the literary classes, and not reached the peasantry; and the nation thus affected are less prone to reduce their opinions to action, and are both more speculative and less practical than ourselves. But let such a doctrine come amongst us and grow to be popular. Let it pass from the libraries of a few dreaming scholars into our common schools, our workshops, our farm-houses, and our homes. Like an active poison released from its confinement in the dim laboratory of the chemist, where it was comparatively unknown and innocuous, let it be sprinkled into every pipkin simmering upon the cottage hearth on either side of the Alleghanies; let our newspapers drop the doctrine, as a manna of death, from their multitudinous wings, around every hamlet and habitation of the land, and what were the result? Where, in one short week, were our freedom, our peace, or our morals? All a buried wreck, submerged beneath a weltering ocean of

misery and sin. The soul with no immortal heritage—crime released from its fears of the avenger—and sorrow stripped of its hope of a comforter; the world without a Governor, and the race left fatherless, with the fact of the redemption and the hope of the resurrection alike blotted out; surely these are doctrines no false claims of liberality can palliate. And yet to such tremendous results is tending much of the miscalled liberality of our times."

These are considerations upon which it is important that we should pause and reflect. Easy is the declension, stern and difficult the return to abandoned virtues. History points to the extinction of nations following that decay; and she has examples, too, of a great people throwing off the corruptions of a lax morality. English literature has seen this change, and after accomplishing a period marked by licentiousness, has returned to the strength and integrity of its golden days. Purity and propriety have been the general characteristics of our American literature, but that literature has not as yet developed itself in sufficient force and strength to determine the position it is to hold before the world. It is yet in the formative period, subject to modification, to change, susceptible of impressions from foreign culture and the domestic life. What we as a nation are, that must be and reciprocally. Our low, careless living must be represented in poor, unworthy writing, and our mean thoughts in base acts. There are many influences at work, some which should be regulated by legislation, some minor ones which in the collision of minds may be left to work out their own good, but the test and prime mover of them all must be sound Christian culture.

To Dr. Williams, we repeat, we are indebted for an assertion of this in language simple, unaffected, with an illustrative fancy at times peculiarly his own, yet in a learned spirit with the best aids of the scholar and divine.

STATE EDUCATION.

Sixty-third Annual Report of the Regents of the University of the State of New York. Made to the Legislature March 1, 1850. Albany: Weed, Parsons & Co.

WE hasten to lay before the readers of the Literary World a brief summary of the contents of this valuable document, which has been just published.

It contains reports from ten colleges, of which seven are literary, and three medical; two also of the literary institutions have medical departments.

The following table will show the comparative condition of these institutions during the last five years:—

Students reported in	Literary Colleges.	Medical Colleges.	Total Students.
1846,	688	919	1,607
1847,	801	862	1,663
1848,	957	769	1,726
1849,	980	844	1,824
1850,	948	848	1,796

It will be observed that the number of students in the Literary Institutions was, during the last collegiate year (ending July, 1849), thirty-two less than that reported for the same period of the preceding year. Hitherto there has been a steady annual increase in the number of literary students; and judging from former years, the number reported to the Legislature March 1, 1850, should have been considerably above a thousand. For this diminution, several reasons may be assigned: California has doubtless taken away some: the steadily in-

creasing compensation given to the teachers of our common schools has led others to give up the idea of entering the learned professions, who have betaken themselves to the State Normal School: last, and not least, parents, and many, indeed, of the better disposed and more thoughtful students, are beginning to conclude that there are many better places for a four years' sojourn than within the walls of some, at least, of our colleges.

In view of this diminution of numbers, and other facts which may ere long stare the professors of our colleges in the face, it would be well for them to consider whether a stricter and more parental guardianship cannot be exerted over the young men committed to their charge, so that there should be less indolence, and its necessary consequence, dissipation: whether the positive refusal of a diploma to the student who does not honorably sustain a *rigid* examination, would not benefit the young men themselves and give increased character to their Alma Mater: whether the labors of either professors or students are so onerous as to require a vacation at the end of every three months, so that twelve weeks of the year in some institutions, and *sixteen* in others, are spent in idleness: lastly, whether, during term, the members of our collegiate faculties should not stay at their posts and be diligently at work, regarding themselves as servants, to whom has been committed an honorable trust?

The document before us contains this year a full report from Union College; at the close of it we find the following:—

"This Report is made in accordance with a special resolution of the Board of Trustees of Union College, passed in July, 1837, directing the Treasurer to make out the Annual Report to the Regents until otherwise ordered; a certified copy of which resolution is on file in the office of the Secretary of the Board of Regents."

As our readers may be desirous to see the resolution passed by the Trustees of Union College, July, 1837, we copy it from the Regents' Report for 1849:

"Resolved, That the Treasurer be authorized to make for the time being, and till otherwise directed, a Report to the Regents of the University, agreeable to the form submitted by them, so far as is consistent with the laws of the State; it being understood, however, and expressly declared, that this is done as an act of courtesy on the part of this Board, and is not to be considered as an admission that it is under any legal obligation to make said Regents such fiscal report."

Under the authority of this high-strung resolution, the Treasurer of Union College made last year a report of just two and three fourth pages; but in the document before us, this year's report consists of fourteen pages. We congratulate the Treasurer on the increase of his "courtesy," and if in future years there should be any relaxation of it, we hope the Legislature will apply some gentle sudorifics to continue the flow of these acts of courtesy, which are peculiarly grateful to us.

In the State there are also 196 incorporated academies, subject to the visitation of the Regents, and sharing in the public funds. The number of academies that reported this year is 181; the most of those failing to report are believed to be extinct. In these academies there were, during the year 1849, 28,941 students; and of these 16,514 had pursued, for four months of said year, classical studies, or the higher branches of an English education.

The following table will show the thriving condition of the Academies:—

* Of the above number (453), 194 were instructed at the New York Free Academy	Years.	
	1847	1848
	153	156
	Academies Reporting.	155
	Number of Teachers.	695
	Number intending to make Teaching a Profession.	408
	Students gratuitously instructed.	251
	Tuition Fees.	\$210,068
	Salaries of Teachers.	\$209,356
	Students pursuing higher branches of Education.	14,015
	Sex of Higher Students.	
	MALES.	FEMALES.
1850	161	6,923
1849	155	7,007
1848	156	7,275
1847	153	7,677
1846	156	8,305
1845	161	8,348

illustration of the characters of some of these monarchs, and of the state of the times in which they lived. "The county of Norfolk," he tells us, "paid a large sum to Henry the First, to secure fair dealing. Yarmouth paid heavily to prevent a king from violating his own charter. . . . The wife of Hugh de Neville paid two hundred hens to enjoy the society of her husband twelve hours in prison; and an abbot paid largely for permission to secure his wood from being stolen." The most sagacious plan of obtaining money, however, which seems to have occurred to any of these royal swindlers, was that adopted by King John, who imprisoned the mistresses of the priests, with a just confidence that the reverend fathers would part with some of their ill-gotten wealth, rather than be deprived of the society of their female friends. But Edward IV. was not wholly devoid of the same low cunning. He "was called the handsomest tax-gatherer in his kingdom; and when he kissed a widow because she gave more than he expected, it is said she doubled the amount in expectation of a second kiss. Henry VII. adopted all modes and methods; and, having levied a benevolence, made a large claim on those who lived frugally, because they must have saved by their frugality; while if they lived splendidly, they were dealt with as opulent." Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, as everybody knows, were equally arbitrary in their exactions. And indeed down to the time of the Revolution of 1688, money was raised for the use of the state in a most irregular and arbitrary manner. Nor was this all, for not unfrequently both principal and interest of the debt were unhesitatingly repudiated. It was only when William and Mary came in, as Mr. Macaulay suggests, that the practice of honestly paying the public obligations came into fashion; and though no man can ever hope to see the time when the national debt itself will be extinguished, the interest has in general been paid with tolerable promptitude since the Revolution.

The earliest and one of the most remarkable instances of the lust of speculation was the Tulipomania, which raged to such an unbounded excess in 1634.

"In the above year," says Mr. Francis, "the chief cities of the Netherlands engaged in a traffic which destroyed commerce, and encouraged gambling; which enlisted the greediness of the rich and the desire of the poor; which raised the value of a flower to more than its weight in gold; and which ended, as all such periods have ended, in wild and wretched despair. The many were ruined, the few were enriched; and tulips were as eagerly sought in 1634, as railway scrip in 1844. The speculation was conducted on similar principles. Bargains were made for the delivery of certain roots; and when, as in one case, there were but two in the market, lordship and land, horses and oxen, were sold to pay the deficiency. Contracts were made, and thousands of florins paid, for tulips which were never seen by broker, by buyer, or by seller. For a time, as usual, all won, and no one lost. Poor persons became wealthy. High and low traded in flowers; sumptuous entertainments confirmed their bargains; notaries grew rich; and even the unimaginative Hollander fancied he saw a sure and certain prosperity before him. People of all professions turned their property into cash; houses and furniture were offered at ruinous prices; the idea spread throughout the country that the passion for tulips would last for ever; and when it was known that foreigners were seized with the fever, it was believed that the wealth of the world would concentrate on the shores of the Zuyder Zee, and that poverty would become a tradition in Holland. That they were honest in their belief is proved by

the prices they paid; and the following list shows that the mania must indeed have been deep, when goods to the value of 2500 florins were given for one root:—

	Florins.
2 Lasts of wheat, . . .	445
4 Lasts of rye, . . .	558
4 Oxen, . . .	480
3 Swine, . . .	240
12 Sheep, . . .	120
2 Hogsheds of wine, . . .	70
4 Tuns of beer, . . .	32
4 Tons of butter, . . .	192
1000 Pounds of cheese, . . .	120
1 Bed, . . .	100
1 Suit of clothes, . . .	80
1 Silver beaker, . . .	60

"Another species commonly fetched two thousand florins; a third was valued at a new carriage, two grey horses, and a complete harness. Twelve acres of land were paid for a fourth; and 60,000 florins were made by one man in a few weeks. But the panic came at last. Confidence vanished; contracts were void; defaulters were announced in every town of Holland; dreams of wealth were dissipated; and they who, a week before, rejoiced in the possession of a few tulips, which would have realized a princely fortune, looked sad and stupefied on the miserable bulbs before them, valueless in themselves, and unsalable at any price. To parry the blow, the tulip merchants held public meetings, and made pompous speeches, in which they proved that their goods were worth as much as ever, and that a panic was absurd and unjust."

So great was the shock given to public confidence by the Tulipomania, that it was many years before any bubble of equal magnitude burst; but in the meantime many frauds of lesser note were perpetrated. Mr. Francis gives the following version of a well known story, which may possibly be new to some of our readers:—

"The first political hoax on record occurred in the reign of Anne. Down the Queen's Road, riding at a furious rate, ordering turnpikes to be thrown open, and loudly proclaiming the sudden death of the queen, rode a well-dressed man, sparing neither spur nor steed. From west to east, and from north to south, the news spread. Like wildfire it passed through the desolate fields where palaces now abound, till it reached the city. The train-bands desisted from their exercise, furlled their colors, and returned home with their arms reversed. The funds fell with a suddenness which marked the importance of the intelligence; and it was remarked that, while the Christian jobbers stood aloof, almost paralysed with the information, Manasseh Lopez and the Jew interest bought eagerly at the reduced price. There is no positive information to fix the deception upon any one in particular, but suspicion pointed at those who gained by the fraud so publicly perpetrated."

Many similar frauds have at different times been planned in order to raise or depress the price of the funds, but none appear to have been more successful than this first attempt at manufacturing news for private ends. One or two are worth citing, however, to show how much ingenuity has been exercised in their conception.

"During that period, which now a romantic, was then a terrible reality, when it was known, in 1715, that the best families in the North of England had assembled in arms to change the dynasty, no pains were spared by the jobbers to procure correct and to disseminate false intelligence; and it was with mingled feelings of alarm and pity that the inhabitants of a small town between Perth and the seaport of Montrose—where James embarked after his unhappy expedition—saw a carriage and six, travelling with all the rapidity which the road would allow. It was well known that the rebel army was dispersed; that its chiefs were scattered; and that the unfortunate Stuart was wandering through the country, with life and liberty en-

dangered. It excited, therefore, no surprise in the village when the carriage was surrounded, and the apparent prize conveyed with great ostentation towards London. Letters soon reached the city that the fugitive Stuart was taken, and the letters were confirmed by the story related, which quickly reached London. The funds of course rose, and the inventors of the trick laughed in their sleeves as they divided the profit."

Similar tricks abounded during the French Revolution. From a large number narrated by Mr. Francis we select one of the most noticeable. When the younger Pitt reluctantly resigned in 1801 to enable Addington to patch up a miserable peace, and afford himself a convenient way of escape from impending troubles, "the Doctor" proceeded at once to his task, and negotiated a peace. But it gave satisfaction to no one, and it was speedily apparent that it could not last. While the public mind was in a state of uncertainty, the events took place which are thus narrated by Mr. Francis:—

"The more thoughtful hoped that the peace of the world would not be disturbed; and great was the pleasure, therefore, of these good citizens, when on the 5th of May, 1803, in passing the Mansion House, their attention was arrested by the following letter, conspicuously displayed in the place usually allotted to important information. It was short, but to the purpose:—

"Lord Hawkesbury presents his compliments to the Lord Mayor, and has the honor to acquaint his Lordship, that the negotiation between this country and the French republic is brought to an amicable conclusion."

"The glad tidings soon reached the Stock Exchange, and the funds rose to seventy on the opening of the market. In a short time, however, suspicion was aroused. Men doubted, though they scarcely knew why; and the price fluctuated with a downward tendency. Many of the members, as they arrived from their residences at the West, where the news ought to have reached, were utterly ignorant of the intelligence. The faith of the bulls failed then, and the boldness of the bears increased. It soon became confidently asserted that the news was fictitious; and when the treasury received information of the report and its origin, a letter was sent by the authorities, terming the document a scandalous forgery. Amid a confusion, an uproar, and a noise, at that period unprecedented, the Lord Mayor communicated in person the contents of his second letter. Business was immediately suspended; the guilty and guiltless were alike suspected; and when a price was named, it was a reduction of seven per cent."

The South Sea Scheme forms a curious and interesting chapter in the history of Stock-Jobbing; but most readers are sufficiently conversant with it from the accounts given by Lord Mahon and other writers on the period. We are not aware that Mr. Francis adds anything to what was before known, nor does he make any claim to such addition to the stock of historical knowledge.

Among the most noted of the dealers in stocks during the early half of the last century, was that queer old Jew, Sampson Gideon. Mr. Francis tells some pleasant anecdotes of him, which will be new to most readers:—

"A shrewd, sarcastic man, possessing a rich vein of humor, the anecdotes preserved of him are, unhappily, few and far between. 'Never grant a life annuity to an old man,' he would say; 'they wither, but they never die.' And if the proposed annuitant coughed with a violent asthmatic cough on approaching the room-door, Gideon would call out, 'Aye, aye, you may cough, but it shan't save you six months' purchase!'

"In one of his dealings with Mr. Snow, the banker,—immortalized by Dean Swift,—the latter lent Gideon £20,000. Shortly afterwards, the 'forty-five' broke out; the success of the Pre-

dress to Mr. Snow, from him as informed by the demand

tender seemed certain; and Mr. Snow, alarmed for his beloved property, addressed a piteous epistle to the Jew. A run upon his house, a stoppage, and a bankruptcy, were the least the banker's imagination pictured; and the whole concluded with an earnest request for his money. Gideon went to the bank, procured twenty notes, sent for a phial of hartshorn, rolled the vial in the notes, and thus grotesquely Mr. Snow received the money he had lent."

During many years bribery and corruption were extensively practised to secure the votes of members of Parliament for or against any particular measure, so that Sir Robert Walpole was wellnigh justified in declaring that "every man had his price." Mr. Francis has collected together much information to show to what an extent these vices were practised. We could wish, however, that he had removed some of the unjust reproaches which rest on Sir Robert Walpole's name in regard to this matter, since it is far too common to expend the vials of offended virtue on the head of that great statesman. He is made a sort of scape-goat for those sinners whose cases have not the palliating circumstances which mark his employment of the secret-service money.

Our author devotes much space to lotteries, but it is unnecessary to follow him, as their day has happily passed. Would that in all parts of our country they had ceased, as they have ceased in England and in the Northern States. Mr. Francis strikingly shows how prevalent they once were.

"In 1772, lottery magazine proprietors, lottery tailors, lottery staymakers, lottery gloves, lottery boot makers, lottery tea merchants, lottery snuff and tobacco merchants, lottery barbers,—where a man for being shaved and paying threepence, stood a chance of receiving £10—lottery shoeblacks, lottery eating-houses, where, for sixpence, a plate of meat and the chance of sixty guineas were given; lottery oyster-stalls, where threepence gave a supply of oysters and a remote chance of five guineas, were plentiful; and to complete a catalogue, which speaks volumes, at a sausage-stall in a narrow alley, was the important intimation written up, that for one farthing's worth of sausages, the fortunate purchaser might realize a capital of five shillings. Quack doctors (a class which formed so peculiar a feature in village life of old) sold medicine at a high price, giving those who purchased it tickets in a lottery purporting to contain silver and other valuable prizes."

To the long and painful list of lesser frauds which hung around the Stock Exchange, must be added forgery in all its detestable blackness. Mr. Francis gives one curious instance.

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"O glorious Brown! thou medley strange
Of church-yard, ball-room, saint and sinner,
Flying by moon through Fashion's range,
And burying mortals after dinner—
Walking one day with invitations,
Passing the next at consecrations,
Tossing the sod at eve on coffins,
With one hand drying tears of orphans,
And one unclasping ball-room carriage,
Or cutting plum-cake up for marriage—
Dusting by day the pew and missal—
Sounding by night the ball-room whistle—
Admitted free through Fashion's wicket,
And skilled at palms, at punch, and cricket;
Relate by what mysterious art
Thou canst so well fulfil thy part—
And how, thus sorely taxed each week,
Thou look'st so happy, fat, and sleek."

John Timon has been sorely puzzled over that sad married lady problem in genteel society, but this explanation must be accepted as a settler:—

"In sober quiet round the room,
The married belles are sitting—
These, once so bright, seem now all gloom,
Their lovely brows half knitting.
Not that they pine o'er glory gone
Or feel in slightest way forlorn,
But thoughts of joys that others miss,
By leading lives unmated,
At times will rise and mar their bliss
Whilst others seem elated."

Along with this there is something about a "gazelle," and the Polka is happily characterized by its "lightning fury."

Annals of Pennsylvania, from the Discovery of the Delaware. 1609-1682. By Samuel Hazard.

THE spirit of Antiquarian research, which of late years has spread so widely among our people, is beginning to produce valuable results. The volume before us is an abundant proof of this. Mr. Hazard is a son of the Ebenezer Hazard, whose "Historical Collections" have so long been a high authority with our writers; and besides the prestige of his father's name, he has already won for himself the gratitude of American Antiquarians, by the publication of his valuable "Register of Pennsylvania." In the present volume Mr. Hazard has collected and arranged, in chronological order, all the authentic documents he could procure, respecting European Colonization on the banks of the Delaware, from its first discovery by Henry Hudson, in 1609, until William Penn took possession of his Province in 1682. Our own "Albany Records," and the transcripts of documents procured in Europe by Mr. Brodhead, as Historical Agent of New York, have furnished Mr. Hazard with copious materials for the illustration of the period anterior to 1664, during which the Dutch at first shared with the Swedes the mastery of Pennsylvania and Delaware, and afterwards became sole possessors of that portion of New Netherland. The volume before us is handsomely and carefully printed, and does credit to the Press of Philadelphia. We understand that Mr. Hazard proposes continuing his valuable work in successive volumes; we commend his very praiseworthy undertaking to the liberal patronage of the public.

The Professor's Lady. By Berthold Auerbach, translated by Mary Howitt. Harper and Brothers.

AN interesting story of domestic life of the true German characteristics, including an Artist and a Scholar, with bits of rationalism and philosophy, and enough introspection and self-applied casuistry, to poison the felicity of the couple who set out from the village inn so happily at the beginning. The heroine, the Professor's Lady, is in the true Idyllic spirit, and is company for the best sympathies of our readers. There are some good wood-cuts (always desirable), which greatly aid the text.

Dr. Johnson: his Religious Life and his Death. Harper and Brothers.

A REPRINT of a biographical study, by an author popular in England, and who has the merits of a warm appreciation of his subject, and a fluent easy style. His point of view is strictly in accordance with the great Doctor's well known love of the Church of England, a vindication of the rites of which body is an object of the publication. There is much incidental reading brought to bear, which

helps the reader through what, at first sight, seems too limited and exclusive a subject for an entire volume at the present day.

Amy Harrington, or a Sister's Love. By the author of the Curate of Linwood. J. C. Riker.

AMY HARRINGTON is a religious novel, designed to exhibit the evil effects of a certain system of religious opinion, styled "Puseyism." This is done mainly by making the hero become a Romanist, and the other "Puseyites" of the book formalists in religion, while still attached to, and followers of, worldly pleasures and amusements. The story is slight, and used merely as a vehicle for religious discussion.

The Green Hand. A Short Yarn. No. I. Harper and Brothers.—An excellent sea novel, of situation, intrigue, and description. Its scenes and sketches have the true uncton. Its life-like qualities have caused it to be compared, and not unworthily, with that vivid sea story, "Tom Cringle." It is in process of publication in Blackwood, and will be re-issued separately from the press of the Harpers.

New York, Past, Present, and Future. By E. Porter Belden. Prall, Lewis & Co.—This work embraces an historical sketch of the city, and a description of its present "things of note," designed as a guide for strangers. It is illustrated with several steel engravings of our chief public buildings. An extensive advertiser is appended to the volume.

Juvenile Philosophy; or Philosophy in Familiar Conversations: designed to teach young children to think. By Richard P. Parker. A. J. Barnes & Co.—A neat little volume on the elementary facts of Natural Philosophy, in the form of familiar dialogues between a mother and her children. The volume is plentifully illustrated with attractive woodcuts.

The new number of the *Gallery of Illustrious Americans* contains an excellent head of V. G. Audubon, the veteran Naturalist.

The second number of Messrs. TALLIS, WILLOUGHBY & Co's. elegant edition of "Fleetwood's Life of Christ" contains two illustrations, well engraved, from the designs of Warren. One, "The Star of Bethlehem," represents the Three Wise Men journeying on camels over the desert, on a bright clear night following the Star in the East, which shines before them.

Le Siège de la Rochelle, par Madame de Genlis. Boston: Tappan, Whittemore, and Mason. An elegant reprint of a classic French work for the use of young persons. It is well adapted for a school reading-book, a complete work of this kind having the advantage in continuous interest over the selections in more common use.

THE CAMEO OF JUPITER AND HEBE.

POISED on his mighty wings, Jove's kingly bird
Stoops to the eup luxurious Hebe fills;
All day those wings the empyrean have stirred,
But now each plume a soft enchantment thrills:
The lone and weary monarch of the skies
Lapt in content, imbibes the draught of Love,
By gentle hands and tender, watchful eyes
Nurtured to soar Ambition's flight above.
Fondly majestic bending o'er the urn
Exhaustless as her sympathetic breast,
With calm delight see the fair goddess turn,
Dispensing feel the rapture of her guest,
To show how poor unshared is Nature's wealth
While Love to noble souls alone is health.

H. T. T.

tender seemed certain; and Mr. Snow, alarmed for his beloved property, addressed a piteous epistle to the Jew. A run upon his house, a stoppage, and a bankruptcy, were the least the banker's imagination pictured; and the whole concluded with an earnest request for his money. Gideon went to the bank, procured twenty notes, sent for a phial of hartshorn, rolled the vial in the notes, and thus grotesquely Mr. Snow received the money he had lent."

During many years bribery and corruption were extensively practised to secure the votes of members of Parliament for or against any particular measure, so that Sir Robert Walpole was wellnigh justified in declaring that "every man had his price." Mr. Francis has collected together much information to show to what an extent these vices were practised. We could wish, however, that he had removed some of the unjust reproaches which rest on Sir Robert Walpole's name in regard to this matter, since it is far too common to expend the vials of offended virtue on the head of that great statesman. He is made a sort of scapegoat for those sinners whose cases have not the palliating circumstances which mark his employment of the secret-service money.

Our author devotes much space to lotteries, but it is unnecessary to follow him, as their day has happily passed. Would that in all parts of our country they had ceased, as they have ceased in England and in the Northern States. Mr. Francis strikingly shows how prevalent they once were.

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Along with this there is something about a "gazelle," and the Polka is happily characterized by its "lightning fury."

Annals of Pennsylvania, from the Discovery of the Delaware. 1609-1682. By Samuel Hazard.

THE spirit of Antiquarian research, which of late years has spread so widely among our people, is beginning to produce valuable results. The volume before us is an abundant proof of this. Mr. Hazard is a son of the Ebenezer Hazard, whose "Historical Collections" have so long been a high authority with our writers; and besides the prestige of his father's name, he has already won for himself the gratitude of American Antiquarians, by the publication of his valuable "Register of Pennsylvania." In the present volume Mr. Hazard has collected and arranged, in chronological order, all the authentic documents he could procure, respecting European Colonization on the banks of the Delaware, from its first discovery by Henry Hudson, in 1609, until William Penn took possession of his Province in 1682. Our own "Albany Records," and the transcripts of documents procured in Europe by Mr. Brodhead, as Historical Agent of New York, have furnished Mr. Hazard with copious materials for the illustration of the period anterior to 1664, during which the Dutch at first shared with the Swedes the mastery of Pennsylvania and Delaware, and afterwards became sole possessors of that portion of New Netherland. The volume before us is handsomely and carefully printed, and does credit to the Press of Philadelphia. We understand that Mr. Hazard proposes continuing his valuable work in successive volumes; we commend his very praiseworthy undertaking to the liberal patronage of the public.

The Professor's Lady. By Berthold Auerbach, translated by Mary Howitt. Harper and Brothers.

AN interesting story of domestic life of the true German characteristics, including an Artist and a Scholar, with bits of rationalism and philosophy, and enough introspection and self-applied casuistry, to poison the felicity of the couple who set out from the village inn so happily at the beginning. The heroine, the Professor's Lady, is in the true Idyllic spirit, and is company for the best sympathies of our readers. There are some good wood-cuts (always desirable), which greatly aid the text.

Dr. Johnson: his Religious Life and his Death. Harper and Brothers.

A REPRINT of a biographical study, by an author popular in England, and who has the merits of a warm appreciation of his subject, and a fluent easy style. His point of view is strictly in accordance with the great Doctor's well known love of the Church of England, a vindication of the rites of which body is an object of the publication. There is much incidental reading brought to bear, which

helps the reader through what, at first sight, seems too limited and exclusive a subject for an entire volume at the present day.

Amy Harrington, or a Sister's Love. By the author of the Curate of Linwood. J. C. Riker.

AMY HARRINGTON is a religious novel, designed to exhibit the evil effects of a certain system of religious opinion, styled "Puseyism." This is done mainly by making the hero become a Romanist, and the other "Puseyites" of the book formalists in religion, while still attached to, and followers of, worldly pleasures and amusements. The story is slight, and used merely as a vehicle for religious discussion.

The Green Hand. A Short Yarn. No. I. Harper and Brothers.—An excellent sea novel, of situation, intrigue, and description. Its scenes and sketches have the true unction. Its life-like qualities have caused it to be compared, and not unworthily, with that vivid sea story, "Tom Cringle." It is in process of publication in Blackwood, and will be re-issued separately from the press of the Harpers.

New York, Past, Present, and Future. By E. Porter Belden. Prall, Lewis & Co.—This work embraces an historical sketch of the city, and a description of its present "things of note," designed as a guide for strangers. It is illustrated with several steel engravings of our chief public buildings. An extensive advertiser is appended to the volume.

Juvenile Philosophy; or Philosophy in Familiar Conversations; designed to teach young children to think. By Richard P. Parker. A. J. Barnes & Co.—A neat little volume on the elementary facts of Natural Philosophy, in the form of familiar dialogues between a mother and her children. The volume is plentifully illustrated with attractive woodcuts.

The new number of the *Gallery of Illustrious Americans* contains an excellent head of V. G. Audubon, the veteran Naturalist.

The second number of Messrs. TALLIS, WILLOUGHBY & Co's. elegant edition of "Fleetwood's Life of Christ" contains two illustrations, well engraved, from the designs of Warren. One, "The Star of Bethlehem," represents the Three Wise Men journeying on camels over the desert, on a bright clear night following the Star in the East, which shines before them.

Le Siège de la Rochelle, par Madame de Genlis. Boston: Tappan, Whittemore, and Mason. An elegant reprint of a classic French work for the use of young persons. It is well adapted for a school reading-book, a complete work of this kind having the advantage in continuous interest over the selections in more common use.

THE CAMEO OF JUPITER AND HEBE.

POISED on his mighty wings, Jove's kingly bird
Stoops to the cup luxurious Hebe fills;
All day those wings the empyrean have stirred,
But now each plume a soft enchantment thrills:
The lone and weary monarch of the skies
Lapt in content, imbibes the draught of Love,
By gentle hands and tender, watchful eyes
Nurtured to soar Ambition's flight above.
Fondly majestic bending o'er the urn
Exhaustless as her sympathetic breast,
With calm delight see the fair goddess turn,
Dispensing feel the rapture of her guest,
To show how poor unshared is Nature's wealth
While Love to noble souls alone is health.

H. T. T.

THE WELCOME OF THE FLOWERS.

From a green and quiet valley,
Girt by bleak Bohemian hills,
Came a stranger when our Autumn
All the land with glory fills.

Though with health and hope he started
In the May of life and year,
Many a joy, before unvalued,
Sighed he then to find not here.

Sat he in a barley cabin
Where the settler's little child,
Coming, with the lime, at evening,
High her heap of treasures piled.

Lofty Phlox,—white, pink, and purple,
Garlanded the rafted room;
Jewel-weeds and genial sunflowers
Nodded gaily in the gloom.

Gleefully the stranger tarried
Binding up the bright bouquets,
As his mother's green-hedged garden
Saw him oft in by-gone days.

Exiles there he once beheld them
Fainting near the lordly dome,
Here each glowing leaf a welcome
Gives him in its native home.

EMILY HERMANN.

THE SEA WAVES.

THE Sea was God's first work. His spirit still
Moves on the water's face; his voice is heard
Sounding from off those blue, outstretching plains
Whose void immense no eye could ever scan,
And where, save haply some white sail remote,
Clouds only, paint above, the horizon wide—
He sends his moonbeams there, and there awakes,
Each morning dawn, the gracious eye of heaven,
Whose magic glance turns all the grey cold waste
To golden azure; then while earth still sleeps
And dreams serene in morning's balmy slumber,
He sends the winds, his breath, across the sky,
Kissing her placid cheek: and straightway come
Wavelets, endimpling there with conscious blush,
And kindle into wreathed smiles, that spread
Far o'er her heaving bosom. Sky and sea
Then raise to him their solemn choral song
Who was their author, and whose form they are,
Since he created, and disposes them,
By will alone, as man puts forth a hand.

Now leagues on leagues before the freshening gale
The tumbling billows rise, and darkly roll,
Higher and higher, till their proud tops break
Quick-sparkling one by one, far off and near,
In starlike scintillation, or in gleams
Of snowy light, or blinding flashes dancing,
Beneath a glowing zenith; where the day
Moves silently across the arc of noon.
As day declines, they thicken; swifter yet
By nature's phrensy driven, the raging blast
Drives from their torn and ragged tops the spray,
Commingle sea and air. Along the East
A low, white bank marks where the storm-cloud
comes;

Rising and spreading, while the sun goes down.
His avant couriers scud athwart the sky
And change the westering beam to twilight dim.
Darkness sets in with gusty wind and rain
O'er all the howling wilderness of waters.

At morn next day, the isles in Casco Bay
Were wallowing in foam, and Hampton Beach
Thundered so mightily that inland far,
The farmers going forth in th' early calm,
Stood still and listened. Cape Ann heard the
call,

And tossed the solid breakers up to heaven
With rival shouts, that echoed round the shore
To where Nahant blew loud his Spouting Horn,
Like Triton answering Nymph. But their glad
noise

Reached not so far as Truro's dreary coast,
Where Highbound light sends forth its warning
ray,

Or Racepoint dares the wasteful ocean. There
No sound is ever heard but awful wails,

Or never-ending, dirge-like moans. The sea
Is monarch there, and o'er the sterile sand
Decay for ever sleeps. But, further south
Round Chatham Cape, beyond lone Monomoy
Out on the sweep of Siasconset shore,
Where old Sancoty rears his wind-worn head
To look for cruising whalemén, there again
The wild Atlantic worked with all his strength;
While far to west, the distant Vineyard reach
Resounded high, and Mattakeaset Bay
Calm as a lake, within its white fringed rim,
Showed like a coral isle with its lagoon,
Wytochee, or some nameless reef-hemmed ring
Of those that sleep, for ever undisturbed,
Like fairy gardens basking in the sun;
Round whose green shores the long Pacific roll
By tradewinds borne, across the world-wide
waste,

Surges unceasingly. Bleak Noman's Land
Was busy too, while still around the coast,
So wide had swept the storm, the surf dashed
high

'Gainst Purgatory rocks, and rolled in ranks
Along th' Aquetneek beaches. There, all day
It marched, and roared, in height of strength and
pride,

Sublimely cheerful. There came young and old,
And walked, or rode, in groups, along the sand,
The smooth white sand, that thence was dotted
o'er

As far as eye could reach. And when night fell
The glorious anthem there yet sounded loud,
And the still moon uprose, and softly touched
The foaming ridges with her silver light.

G. W. PECK.

WASHINGTON.

[From Mr. Whipple's Oration at Boston].

THIS illustrious man, at once the world's
admiration and enigma, we are taught by a
fine instinct to venerate, and by a wrong
opinion to misjudge. The might of his
character has taken strong hold upon the
feelings of great masses of men, but in trans-
lating this universal sentiment into an intelli-
gent form, the intellectual element of his
wonderful nature is as much depressed as the
moral element is exalted, and consequently
we are apt to misunderstand both. Mediocrity
has a bad trick of idealizing itself in eulo-
gizing him, and drags him down to its own
low level, while assuming to lift him to the
skies. How many times have we been told
that he was not a man of genius, but a person
of excellent "common sense," of "admirable
judgment," of "rare virtues;" and by a con-
stant repetition of this odious cant we have
nearly succeeded in divorcing comprehension
from his sense, insight from his judgment,
force from his virtues, and life from the man.
Accordingly, in the panegyric of cold spirits,
Washington disappears in a cloud of common-
places: in the rhodomontade of boiling patriots
he expires in the agonies of rant. Now the
sooner this bundle of mediocre talents and
moral qualities, which its contrivers have the
audacity to call George Washington, is hissed
out of existence, the better it will be for the
cause of talent and the cause of morals: con-
tempt of that is the beginning of wisdom. He
had no genius, it seems, O no! genius, we
must suppose, is the peculiar and shining
attribute of some orator whose tongue can
spout patriotic speeches, or some versifier
whose muse can "Hail Columbia," but not of
the man who supported states on his arm, and
carried America in his brain! The madcap
Charles Townsend, the motion of whose
pyrotechnic mind was like the whizz of a hun-
dred rockets, is a man of genius; but George
Washington, raised up above the common
herd of even eminent statesmen, and with a
nature moving with the still and orderly

celerity of a planet round its sun—he dwindles
in comparison, into a kind of angelic dunce!
What is genius? Is it worth anything? Is
splendid folly the measure of its inspiration?
Is wisdom its base or summit—that which it
recedes from, or tends towards? And by
what definition do you award the name to the
creator of an epic, and deny it to the creator
of a country? On what principle is it to be
lavished on him who sculpts in perishing
marble the image of possible excellence, and
withheld from him who built up in himself a
transcendent character, indestructible as the
obligations of Duty, and beautiful as her re-
wards?

Indeed, if by the genius of action you mean
will enlightened by intelligence, and intelli-
gence energized by will,—if force and insight
be its characteristics and influence its test,—
and, especially, if great effects suppose a cause
proportionably great, that is, a vital, causative
mind,—then is Washington most assuredly a
man of genius, and one whom no other
American has equalled in the power of working
morally and mentally on other minds. His
genius, it is true, was of a peculiar kind, the
genius of character, of thought, and the objects
of thought solidified and concentrated into
active faculty. He belongs to that rare class
of men,—rare as Homers and Miltons, rare as
Platos and Newtons,—who have impressed
their characters upon nations without pam-
pering national vices. Such men have natures
broad enough to include all the facts of a
people's practical life, and deep enough to dis-
cern the spiritual laws which underlie, animate
and govern those facts. Washington, in short,
had that greatness of character which is the
highest expression and last result of greatness
of mind, for there is no method of building
up character except through mind. Indeed,
character like his is not built up, stone upon
stone, precept upon precept, but grows up
through an actual contact of thought with
things,—the assimilative mind transmuting the
impalpable but potent spirit of public senti-
ment, and the life of visible facts, and the
power of spiritual laws, into individual life and
power, so that their mighty energies put on
personality, as it were, and act through one
centralizing human will. This process may
not, if you please, make the great philosopher
or the great poet, but it does make the great
man,—the man in whom thought and judg-
ment seem identical with volition,—the man
whose vital expression is not in words but
deeds,—the man whose sublime ideas issue
necessarily in sublime acts, not in sublime
art. It was because Washington's character
was thus composed of the inmost substance
and power of facts and principles, that men
instinctively felt the perfect reality of his
comprehensive manhood. This reality en-
forced universal respect, married strength to
repose, and threw into his face that com-
manding majesty which made men of the
speculative audacity of Jefferson, and the
lucid genius of Hamilton recognise, with
unwonted meekness, his awful superiority.**

The virtues of Washington, therefore, ap-
pear moral or mental according as we view
them with the eye of conscience or reason. In
him loftiness did not exclude breadth, but re-
sulted from it; justice did not exclude wisdom,
but grew out of it; and, as the wisest as well
as the justest man in America, he was pre-
eminently distinguished among his contempo-
raries for moderation,—a word under which
weak politicians conceal their want of courage,
and knavish politicians conceal their want of
principle, but which in him was vital and com-

prehensive energy, tempering audacity with prudence, self-reliance with modesty, austere principles with merciful charities, inflexible purpose with serene courtesy, and issuing in that persistent and unconquerable fortitude, in which he excelled all mankind. In scrutinizing the events of his life to discover the processes by which his character grew gradually up to its amazing height, we are arrested at the beginning by the character of his mother, a woman temperate like him in the use of words, from her clear perception and vigorous grasp of things. There is a familiar anecdote recorded of her, which enables us to understand the simple sincerity and genuine heroism she early instilled into his strong and aspiring mind. At a time when his glory rang through Europe; when excitable enthusiasts were crossing the Atlantic for the single purpose of seeing him; when bad poets all over the world were sacking the dictionaries for hyperboles of panegyric; when the pedants of republicanism were calling him the American Cincinnatus and the American Fabius—as if our Washington were honored in playing adjective to any Roman however illustrious!—she, in her quiet dignity, simply said to the voluble friends who were striving to flatter her mother's pride into an expression of exulting praise, "that he had been a good son, and she believed he had done his duty as a man." Under the care of a mother, who flooded common words with such a wealth of meaning, the boy was not likely to mistake mediocrity for excellence, but would naturally domesticate in his heart the lofty principles of conduct, and act from them as a matter of course, without expecting or obtaining praise. The consequence was, that in early life, and in his first occupation as surveyor, and through the stirring events of the French war, he built up character day by day in a systematic endurance of hardship; in a constant sacrifice of inclinations to duty; in taming hot passions into the service of reason; in assiduously learning from other minds; in wringing knowledge, which could not be taught him, from the reluctant grasp of a flinty experience; in completely mastering every subject on which he fastened his intellect, so that whatever he knew he knew perfectly and for ever, transmitting it into mind, and sending it forth in acts. Intellectual and moral principles which other men may lazily contemplate and talk about, he had learned through a process which gives them the toughness of muscle and bone.

A man thus sound at the core and on the surface of his nature, so full at once of integrity and sagacity, speaking ever from the level of his character, and always ready to substantiate opinions with deeds—a man without any morbid egotism, or pretension, or extravagance—simple, modest, dignified, incorruptible—never giving advice which events did not endorse as wise—never lacking fortitude to bear calamities which resulted from his advice being overruled—such a man could not but exact that recognition of commanding genius which inspires universal confidence. Accordingly, when the contest between the colonies and the mother country was assuming its inevitable form of civil war, he was proved to be our natural leader—in virtue of being the ablest man among the crowd of able men. When he appeared among the eloquent orators, the ingenious thinkers, the vehement patriots of the revolution, his modesty and temperate professions could not conceal his superiority; he at once, by the very nature of his great character, was felt to be their leader; it towered up, indeed, over all their heads as naturally as

the fountain, sparkling yonder in this July sun, which, in its long, dark, downward journey, forgets not the altitude of its parent lake, and no sooner finds an outlet in our lower lands than it mounts, by an impatient instinct, surely up to the level of the far-off inland source. * *

The problem was how to combine the strength, allay the suspicions, and sustain the patriotism of the people during a contest peculiarly calculated to distract and weaken their energies. Washington solved this problem by the true geometry of indomitable personal character. He was the soul of the revolution, felt at its centre and felt through all its parts as an uniting, organizing, animating power. Comprehensive as America itself, through him and through him alone could the strength of America act. He was security in defeat, cheer in despondency, light in darkness, hope in despair—the one man in whom all could have confidence—the one man whose sun-like integrity and capacity shot rays of light and heat through everything they shone upon. He would not stoop to thwart the machinations of envy; he would not stoop to contradict the fictions and forgeries of calumny; and he did not need to do it. Before the effortless might of his character they stole away and withered and died; and through no instrumentality of his did their abject authors become immortal as the maligners of Washington.

MOUNT VERNON.

From the Recollections and Private Memoirs of the Life and Character of Washington, published by G. W. P. Custis, in the National Intelligencer, July 4.

How many and what glorious recollections crowd upon the mind at the mention of MOUNT VERNON! It is a name that will be hallowed to all time, and the foot of the pilgrim journeying from all nations will continue to press the turf around the sepulchre where rest the ashes of the Father of his Country. The associations in the history of this venerated spot with those in the history of the life and actions of its departed master will ever cause Mount Vernon to be "freshly remembered." These associations began with the early life of WASHINGTON, and ended only with his last days on earth. Mount Vernon was the home of his youth, the retreat of his advanced age, the spot that he most loved, and to which he so often retired to find repose from the cares and anxieties of public affairs. He never left it but with regret. He always returned to it with joy. Could the old halls of the ancient mansion exhibit a *tableau vivant* of the characters that have been their inmates in bygone days, what a long and imposing list of patriots, statesmen, and warriors would appear to our admiring gaze, to adorn the scenes and memories of the past!

Our tableau opens in 1753, when Washington crosses the threshold of Mount Vernon to enter upon that great theatre of life on which he was destined to play so illustrious a part. His achievement in penetrating the wilderness, and successful accomplishment of the important objects of his mission, amid dangers and difficulties the most appalling, introduced him to the favorable notice of the Colonial authorities, who, in 1754, intrusted the young Virginian with the defence of the frontier of his native colony, where, after a gallant conflict with the enemy, he resigned his commission and retired to Mount Vernon. But he was not permitted long to enjoy the pleasures of its peaceful shades, for, his martial reputation having attracted the notice of General Braddock, the provincial soldier in 1755 was requested by the British veteran to accompany

the latter in the ill-fated expedition to Fort Du Quesne.

Our tableau now gives a perspective view of the memorable 9th of July, and the field of the Monongahela, where a youthful hero gathers his first laurels amid the fury of the fight, and where his high and chivalric daring caused "the wild untutored savage" to hail the last mounted officer on the field of the Monongahela as "the chosen of the Great Spirit, the warrior who could not die in battle."

At the close of the Seven Years' War, the provincial colonel again becomes a private citizen, and returns to Mount Vernon to await the call of destiny.

It is 1759, and our tableau exhibits a gay and joyous scene, while the old halls ring again with the reception of a bridal party, and Washington enters Mount Vernon a prosperous and happy bridegroom. The gallant and distinguished soldier now lays aside the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war," and many years glide happily along, amid the delights of domestic felicity, the society of family and friends, and the employments of agriculture and rural affairs, when our tableau changes to 1774. The Colonial troubles have commenced, and we behold the arrival of two distinguished personages at Mount Vernon, Patrick Henry and Edmund Pendleton. The object of their visit is to accompany Washington to the first Congress, where the soldier had been called by the voice of his country, to change the duties of the field for those of the Senate-house.

In 1775, while serving as a member of the first Congress, Washington is appointed to command in chief the armies of the Colonies, then assembling to do battle for the rights and liberties of unborn generations. He obeys the call of destiny and his country, and for six eventful years, big with the fate of liberty and an empire, his home is in the tented field.

1781, and our tableau shows the long-deserted halls of Mount Vernon to be animated by the presence of the Commander in Chief of the combined armies of America and France, accompanied by the Count de Rochambeau and a brilliant suite, who halt but for a single day, being *en route* for Yorktown.

Again our tableau changes, and introduces us in 1783 to happier scenes. The war has ended; its storms have passed away, and the sunshine of peace sheds its benign influences upon an infant nation, a free and independent people. Annapolis has witnessed a sublime spectacle, and Washington, having resigned his commission and "taken leave of the employments of public life," hastens to his beloved retirement; and never in this great man's long and glorious career did he experience so pure so enviable a delight, as when merging the victorious General in the illustrious Farmer of Mount Vernon.

Our tableau now teems with characters. In the old halls of Mount Vernon are assembled chosen spirits, from the wise, the good, and brave of both hemispheres, who have journeyed from distant homes, to pay the homage of their hearts to the hero of the age in the retirement of a private citizen. Conspicuous amid this honored group is the good and gallant Lafayette, who, supposing in 1784 that he was about to bid adieu to America for the last time, had hastened to Mount Vernon to pay his parting respects to the man who, of all men, he most loved and admired.

The retired Chief receives his guests with that kindness and hospitality for which Mount Vernon was always distinguished, while his early rising, his industrious and methodical

habits of life, his horsemanship in the chase, his minute attention to all matters, and to the improvement of his domain, elicited the warmest eulogium and admiration of those who, in the old time of day, had the good fortune to visit Washington on his farm.

From the unalloyed happiness in which four years were now passed in the employments of agriculture, in social and domestic intercourse, occasionally varied by the pleasures of the chase, this period in the life of the *Pater Patriæ* may truly be said to have been the one in which all his ways were "ways of pleasantness, and all his paths were peace."

Our tableau changes to 1787, when his country calls upon her chosen son to leave the tranquil shades of Mount Vernon to take a prominent part in the momentous events of the times. The old Confederation is ended; a new Government is to be formed; confusion is to be succeeded by order. The Convention assembles, and that immortal Constitutional Charter, that millions of freemen have since so happily enjoyed, received its first signature from the hand of George Washington.

From this date a young and glorious empire dawned upon the world. Conceived in the purity of republican freedom, founded on the bases of equal rights and equal laws, the great and renowned of the land formed this master-work of virtue; and Patriotism might well expect that it would endure for centuries, till grown hoary by Time, and from the decline of public virtue, it should experience the fate of nations, when, from the extent and magnificence of its ruins, futurity might read the story of its rise, its grandeur, and its fall.

Our tableau exhibits, in 1789, important and touching events in the history of Mount Vernon. A special envoy arrives in the person of Mr. Secretary Thomson, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and a genuine type of the brave old days of '76. Scarcely is he received with the warmest welcome, when he declares the object of his mission: That he is charged, by the Congress then assembled in New York, with the grateful duty of announcing to George Washington, a private citizen, his election to the Presidency of the United States of America.

The recipient of this highest, this proudest dignity that can ever be conferred on man, was by no means unprepared for its announcement by the venerable ambassador. From the period of the ratification of the Constitution by the States, every mail from every part of the Union brought letters to Mount Vernon, all praying the retired Chief to yield to the united wishes of the people to accept the highest dignity in their power to bestow. In vain did the happy farmer of Mount Vernon plead that advanced age and long services needed repose. Many of his old and much-loved companions in arms gathered around him affectionately, saying, We feel assured that you cannot, that you will not refuse the wishes of a whole people; your honored name is heard from every lip, while in every heart there dwells but one sentiment: Washington, Chief Magistrate of the Republic.

The newly-chosen President was deeply affected by this generous, this universal testimonial of the love and attachment of his countrymen. The People triumphed! The man of the people yielded to the will of the people. A day or two sufficed for the preparation for departure. A sigh to the fond memories of home and happy days of retirement, and the First President of the United States bade adieu to Mount Vernon. For eight years silence reigned in the ancient halls, when,

in 1797, they again teem with animation. The long absent master returns. Time has blanched his locks, and traced its furrows on his noble brow, but his manly form is still erect; aye, with lightsome step and joyous heart he once more enters the portals of his beloved Mount Vernon.

Our tableau, having exhibited the changing events in the history of Mount Vernon for forty-six years, in its closing scene portrays the aged Chief in his last retirement. His days are numbered, his glorious race is nearly run; yet, when invasion threatens, he obeys the last call of his country, and is again in arms, her general and protector.

He stipulates with the Government that he shall be permitted to remain in his retirement till circumstances demand his presence in the field. While giving the necessary orders for the organization of the forces to meet the invaders, the Lieutenant-General and Commander-in-Chief continues his agricultural employments at Mount Vernon, his only military staff being a military secretary.

After a long and unexampled career of glory in the service of his country and mankind, well stricken in years and laden with honors, in his own beloved Mount Vernon, with the fortitude and resignation befitting the Roman fame of his life and actions, the *Pater Patriæ* yielded up his soul to Him who gave it, calmly declaring, "I am not afraid to die."

Our tableau vivant closes with the grandeur and solemnity of the spectacle that bore him to his grave.

CLASS OPINIONS—A FABLE.

A LAMB strayed for the first time into the woods, and excited much discussion among other animals. In a mixed company, one day, when he became the subject of friendly gossip, the goat praised him.

"Pooh!" said the lion, "this is too absurd. The beast is a pretty beast enough, but did you hear him roar? I heard him roar, and by the manes of my fathers, when he roars he does nothing but cry ba—a—a!" And the lion bleated his best in mockery, but bleated far from well.

"Nay," said the deer, "I do not think so badly of his voice. I liked him well enough till I saw him leap. He kicks with his hind legs in running, and, with all his skipping, gets over very little ground."

"It is a bad beast altogether," said the tiger. "He cannot roar, he cannot run, he can do nothing—and what wonder? I killed a man yesterday, and, in politeness to the new comer, offered him a bit; upon which he had the impudence to look disgusted, and say, 'No, sir, I eat nothing but grass.'"

So the beasts criticized the Lamb, each in his own way; and yet it was a good Lamb, nevertheless.—*Dickens's Household Words.*

THE DRAMA.

WRITERS OF PLAYS AND ACTORS OF THEM.

Is the dearth of sufficient attraction to enter the theatres this rather summerish weather, and in the absence of anything immediately before us for comment, we have taken up Leigh Hunt's *Autobiography*, in that passage which he has added to the new edition on his dramatic experiences. They are profitable for this meridian. If managers ever blush they might at such character painting as this; but the peculiar self-love of the class is beyond that. Here, however, is a handful of wholesome truths for the consideration of those whom it may concern. The question is of actors and managers, and their capacity to deal with authors,

not with authorlings, conceited pretenders, or the tribe of weaklings and impracticables, a general characteristic of whom is to have a play in their pockets, but with men of cultivation, of poetical and inventive power; the students of human life and themselves, who naturally attempt the dramatic form of writing. Now for the men with whom they have to deal:—

"Plays are delightful things to write, and tempting things in the contemplation of their profits." They seem to combine the agreeable and the advantageous beyond any other mode of recruiting an author's finances. "Little knows he of Calista." No man, I believe at least, in England, ever delivered himself from difficulties by writing plays. He may live by the stage as actor, or as manager, or as author of all work; that is to say, as one who writes entirely for the actors, and who takes every advantage of times and seasons, and the inventions of other men. But if his heroes are real heroes, and not Jones; or real heroines, and not Mrs. Smith or Mrs. Thomson; in other words, if he thinks only of nature while he draws them, and not of the wishes and self-loves of the reigning performers, the latter will have nothing to say to him. He must either condescend his plays under their direction, and for their sole personal display (for in other respects the advice of the actor is desirable), or he must wait for the appearance of some manager who is at once literary and independent, and no actor himself; and that is a thing which does not occur perhaps twice in a century.

"Actors are a pleasant generation, especially comic actors. They are, for the most part, fond of their profession, intelligent, good-natured, humorous, full of sport and play, jealous of, yet generous to their companions, and liberal in their opinions, though with a leaning, for obvious reasons, to power and patronage. Instinctive and just indulgence is shown them by society on the score of morals, in consequence of their liability to temptation. . . . They are seldom well bred; have often (very excusably, considering the personal applause they receive) too much vanity and self-importance, particularly tragic actors, who deal in solemn words; and notwithstanding their better treatment by society, the profession in general have this great drawback, both in their own instinctive estimation and that of the public—that the footing on which the best of them stand with society is neither very sure nor comfortable; the most respectable, even when men of genius, seldom being admitted into the first circles in private, and never in public; and the humblest being considered no better than vagabonds and buffoons. The reason of this lies in an instinctive, though unconscious understanding on all sides, that a talent for the stage is not the rare or great thing which it is supposed to be, but that it abounds undeveloped in all quarters of society. And such is the fact. Children have it. Schoolboys exhibit it. Amateurs often manifest it to an amount which only requires cultivation to render it superior to anything on the boards. . . . The most respectable performers, out of the pale of genius, are in general not to be compared with men of ordinary critical perception or scholarly acquirements; and they are almost entirely made up of theatrical training, and of what has been said and done before them.

"Actors know little, and generally care nothing, about the drama, legitimate or illegitimate. Their only one object in life, with the exception of a few enjoying spirits among them (and they plentifully partake it), is to keep themselves, as they phrase it, 'before the lamps;' that is to say, in the eyes of the audience, and in the receipt of personal applause. . . . There never was a greater delusion than what has been practiced upon the public of late years in connexion with the fine-sounding phrases, 'Shakespearean,' 'legitimate,' and 'national' dramas. When an actor tells you that he loves Shakespeare, and that he will see justice done to his wonderful dramas,

he means that he is in love with himself, and intends to monopolize all the principal characters. When he talks of the 'legitimate' drama, he means he will perform as many old plays as possible, in order to avoid paying for new ones."

This is undoubtedly the true secret of the "legitimate" dodge, and the peculiar reason of the astral mania for Othello, Hamlet, &c. The public should understand it and act accordingly. No star actor deserves to be heard at this time of day, in the present state of affairs, who does not appear in new plays.

There is another remedy proposed:—

"The stage will never be in proper condition till actors cease to be censors of plays; till the receipts of the theatre are taken out of their hands, to be divided more equally with their industrious brethren by a manager who is not an actor; and till the manager himself be a man who combines love of the drama with reading, with scholarship, and with true critical discernment. Such a man would distribute their parts to the respective performers without waiting for their egotistical judgments. He would proportion salaries to merits, and not to vanities; he would, consequently, afford to bring out new pieces as well as old, and theatres would again flourish, because they were conducted on the principles of equity and common sense."

The duty of the press was never more convincingly demonstrated than in the confession of a manager:—

"A manager confessed the other day, that he would never bring out a new piece, if he could help it, as long as he could make money enough by old ones. He laughed at every idea of a management but a commercial one, and held at naught the public wish for novelty, provided he could get as many persons to come to his theatre as would fill it. Being asked, why he brought out anything new, when such were his opinions, he complained, that people connected with the press forced the compositions of themselves and their friends upon him; and being asked what he meant by 'forced,' he replied, that the press would make a dead set at his theatre if he acted otherwise, and so ruin him. I know not, it is true, how far a manager might not rather have invited than feared a dramatist of so long a standing, and of such great popularity, as Douglas Jerrold; but it is to be doubted whether even Douglas Jerrold, with all his popularity, and all his wit to boot, would have found the doors of a theatre opened to him with so much facility, had he not been a journalist, and one of the leaders in Punch."

"The Press has not been guiltless. Its criticism has not been independent; and, at all events, it has been light and careless. It has been a matter either of personal intercourse, or of mere facility for playgoing and command of orders; things 'all very well,' as the phrase is, both for critics and actors, so long as the former are jovial, good-natured men, who never think of the consequences in other respects, or who cannot discern them; but extremely pernicious to the final interests of all parties connected with the drama, not excepting those whom they at once enrich and spoil; for their worst faults of pride and temper are flattered into excess; they are made conscious parties to a delusion; and their prosperity is rendered at best uneasy."

With this for the philosophy of the matter, and the insight into character is profound, Hunt goes on to illustrate managers further by his practical experience. It is the old story. He writes for the stage independently, in the spirit of the Old Dramatists, and in proportion as he does this in a poetical vein gets further and further from the stage. Though he had one play acted at last and it put a thousand dollars in his pocket, the *Legend of Florence*, he has accumulated a large stock of others in MS. One of them was met by the objection that the end was too tragical. It was the story

of Ines de Castro, and the coffin was made to be crowned. What he says on this squeamishness deserves to be repeated for its truth. The pretence is to be steadily resisted by all who have any sense of the manliness of literature at heart.

"I confess, that both as a critic and an Englishman, I am ashamed of this alleged weakness on the part of the British public; this charge of not being able to endure a strong sensation, however salutary. Nor do I believe it. The strong Saxon people, who have carried the world before them, are not the audiences to quail before a tragedy. The only point is how to act it truly and nobly before them; and not in that gratuitous and vulgar style of horror, which it becomes manhood to repudiate. How is it that they endure Othello and Lear? 'Oh! but,' say the actors, 'that is Shakespeare's writing.' Yes; and thus, like the cunning priests of a faith which they dishonor, they make a bugbear as well as a business of their idol; as if all worship of the true and beautiful were to fail in its effects with others, because they are without it themselves. I have heard actors themselves say, notwithstanding this esoteric religion of theirs, that Shakespeare himself would be damned tomorrow if he were to write now."

And this is the position in which poets and men of refinement are placed towards the stage. The more worthy the dramatic writer in any true sense, the less his opportunity for a hearing.

One play was too tragical. The next had actually four characters; two gentlemen actors and two lady actresses required of equal calibre. The thing was impossible on the stage. No company could furnish them. Another balk to stage performances. Another play contained a Fisherman, but he was pronounced "unpleasant," another managerial word of terror. The fourth play was "immoral."

It may be consolatory to such writers of American plays as are above the calibre of the managers who have fallen upon the land, that Leigh Hunt, familiar to the drama from his childhood, a warm friend to the theatrical interests of two generations, a poet, and an acknowledged successful playwright, at least in one instance, receives no better treatment from the stage of London, which certainly, bad as it may be, is immeasurably superior to our own. They may take courage not to bend to the low necessities of managers, but to rise above them, and oppose them; gird themselves for yet higher tasks of literary execution, that they may appeal to the public in print, and their appeal may be so decided as to compel reform. One thing is certain. Managers will do nothing of themselves. Their own view of their interests and their self-will are opposed to that. They must be acted upon from without. The press must be at them till an indignant public and empty benches assure them that they must seek the intelligence and literary power of the country to carry them through.

FACTS AND OPINIONS.

MR. SQUIER, the Chargé d'Affaires at Nicaragua, whose active exertions in behalf of American interests in Central America are so well known to the community, is at present on a visit to this city. He brings with him full material in maps, drawings, &c., and a stock of local information for a better knowledge of that country than has been heretofore possessed. It is remarkable how little is known of this country, which is soon to play so important a part in the commerce of the world. The communication with the Pacific is in all probability to desert Panama, and find its depots for transit at the mouth of the St. Juan on the Atlantic

side, and the Bay of Fonseca on the Pacific—the most desirable termination of the ship canal. A company of engineers has just left to survey this line. Steamers in a few weeks will be plying the St. Juan and the lake of Nicaragua, opening an immediate communication for passengers to the Pacific, the port of St. Juan of the South, by less than twenty miles of land travel crossed by an excellent road. In health, convenience, and safety this route is highly spoken of, and bids fair to be the preferred one by emigrants to California. Provision is already made for landing of the large steamers on each side. The country itself is said to offer peculiar advantages to American settlers. It is fertile, healthy, the government is democratic, and the best disposition prevails towards our countrymen. We shall doubtless, soon, from the progress of the surveying parties, and of the mercantile interest, learn something more definite as to its particular features and products. Good maps and a good general account of the country are much wanted.

The canal will go on rapidly to its completion. The last official act of President Taylor was the signing of the treaty with England, pledging both nations to facilitate its objects.

Mr. Squier is an enlightened champion of progress in that quarter. He has found time, too, in his short sojourn, amidst arduous political duties, to investigate the antiquities of the country. Numerous idols, some of which have already arrived here, while others are ready for transportation, have been recovered by his zeal. His portfolio is enriched with a most valuable series of drawings, illustrating various stages and developments of the national antiquities. We look forward with interest to the time when they shall be suitably presented to the world.

The School Convention at Syracuse has met and adjourned its debates, after a full assertion of the inviolability due to the Free School Act, in its general provisions, whatever minor amendments it may need. A mournful interest was given to the discussions by the reception among his political and other friends present, of the death of the President. Arguments were heard on both sides; one from a representative of the Roman Catholic interest, which, we learn from the notice of the Tribune, was directed against any system of common school Education as fully as to that now established. An Address to the Electors of the State prepared by Mr. Greeley was reported.

Mr. Remington's bridge, which some time since attracted so considerable a share of attention in England, and subsequently on its exhibition at the south, is now to be seen at the building adjoining Niblo's Garden in Broadway. The Editor of the *Albion* records the general impression upon visitors with the following neat illustration:—

"A glance at the model, and a walk over it, have convinced us that its merits have not been exaggerated; and we invite all persons, whether simply or scientifically curious, to see it and satisfy themselves. The long room in which it is exhibited runs across from Broadway to Crosby street, a distance of 200 feet. The bridge, from one abutment to the other, is 186 feet in length, and is suspended at about five feet from the floor. It looks to the eye as though it could scarcely support its own weight, and yet will bear as many persons as it can conveniently hold at once. The abutments are frameworks of wood, bolted to the floor, and strongly braced with diagonal fastenings. On these are laid four stringers, tapering from three inches thick at the abutments, to one inch only in the centre; across these are nailed at intervals slight wooden slats, forming an open flooring; a carpet is laid along, and the narrow bridge is complete. Each stringer is composed of three or four pieces, scarfed and held together by patent glue."

"The neatness of the model is remarkable. We should add that the stringers are sprung slightly upwards at the start, deflecting, however, in a gradual and graceful curve, and being about three feet lower in the centre than at the abutments, on which they rest. The vibration is considerable,

owing to the slightness of the material, and to the omission of certain securities against it which form part of a bridge for practical purposes. We commend this admirable exhibition to public notice, and without any further attempt to explain the principle of its construction, and to account for a strength so disproportionate to its slightness, we will only advise the reader, who 'cannot understand it,' just to take a twig or a lead pencil, and try to pull it asunder, instead of breaking it across. Mr. Remington applies the strain lengthwise, or with the fibre; herein lies the secret of his masterly invention. Is it not humiliating to skill and science, that this simple discovery should only now be brought into operation?"

The new fountain for the Bowling Green, for the construction of which an appropriation of \$2,000 was made by the Common Council some time since, is now in operation. The principal basin is fifty-five feet in diameter. In the centre of this rises a perpendicular series of handsomely wrought basins or bowls of Italian marble, separated and supported by ornamented pedestals of the same material. The lowest basin of the series is seven feet in diameter, and is elevated about ten feet from the plinth. The second has a diameter of five feet; the third three and a half; and so on. On the circumference of these, are representations of lions' heads in relief, from which issue jets of water, as well as from like representations of dolphins' heads, carved on the pedestals. The column is about twenty feet in height, and is terminated at the apex by a jet d'eau two inches in diameter. Near the circumference of the main basin are to be the figures of four dolphins, of cast iron, each of which will throw from its mouth a jet of water into the largest of the marble basins.

Mr. James, the novelist, has written a letter to the *Evening Mirror*, to say that he does not mean to write a book about America. "Without intending to censure any one," he says, "I have always made it a rule, in regard to the many lands I have visited, never to receive hospitality and kindness from any nation, and then to show them up (as we term it) to the British public, in a book." Mr. James has visited Washington Irving, at Sunny Side.

Adam Ramage, the inventor of the "Ramage Press," died in Philadelphia on the 9th inst. Mr. Ramage was a native of Scotland, and nearly eighty years of age at the time of his death.

The correspondent of the *Times* at Rome thus notices the death of the sculptor Wyatt:—

I have the painful duty of recording the death of Mr. Richard Wyatt, the eminent British sculptor, whose works are so well known at home, and whose fame is spread in every part of the world where fine arts are valued. It was only a few days since I visited his studio, and admired the last touches which his graceful chisel had given to the finished statue of Flora, on which he had been for some time engaged. Judging from the health he then enjoyed, and the elasticity of his mind, I could not anticipate that ere the week was out I should have to attend his funeral; but he was taken off after a brief illness, and he lives now only in his works and in a fame that will no doubt be everlasting. I am more than partial to his style, as in my opinion he surpassed all living artists in representing the pure and delicate beauty of the female form. His "Nymphs" are the perfection of ideal and physical grace, and I believe in that department of sculpture he was unrivalled. I understand that "the Penelope" in possession of Her Majesty, which I have not seen, is a work of high merit, but I only know him from those statues now in his studio—"A Nymph coming out of the Bath," "A Shepherd-boy protecting his sister in a Storm," and, above all, from "the Flora," on the perfection of which his whole mind was engaged. As Mr. Wyatt was as much respected in private as he was eminent in public life, his funeral was attended not only by artists of all countries, but by every English gentleman now in Rome. His value as a friend will be long remembered by those to whom he was attached, and his fame as a sculptor will outlive this age.

A correspondent of the *Evening Post* pointedly calling attention to the absurd prevalence of wooden cornices in the new buildings constructing in the city, makes these complaints: "I see that wooden cornices are common yet in our city. I was yesterday in a street in the upper part of New York, where a row of lofty dwelling houses, intended to be magnificent, with fronts of dark red sandstone, were going up. At the eaves, workmen were engaged in nailing on enormous overhanging wooden cornices. Aside from the danger which these paltry and perishable substitutes for stone bring to a building, in case of a fire within the building, or near it, they are a positive deformity. The trick can scarcely be concealed, even at first, while the paint and other disguises are freshly put on; but in a short time the color of the wooden part becomes plainly different from that of the stone, and then the effect is ugliness without mitigation. I had rather, for my part, see no cornice at all, as the Quakers sometimes build their houses, or as the Scotch build at Aberdeen. In the new part of that city, you will see the houses of a beautiful grey stone, neatly hewn, without even mouldings to the windows, the roofs seemingly not projecting six inches over the wall, and the wall perfectly smooth, from its junction with the roof to the foundation—not a trace of a cornice, not a moulding or projecting bead of stone by way of apology for its omission. And the effect, bald and plain as the architecture is, is infinitely better than this childish foppery of wooden cornices. These imitations of architectural magnificence in an inferior and perishable material, are simply tawdry. Wooden cornices are like copper lace, which looks like gold only when new, and at a distance. In some parts of the country, the phrase *negro-fine* is in use, to signify a spurious attempt at splendor. Wooden cornices are *negro-fine*. Wooden cornices tacked to brick or stone buildings are like a collar of paper to a broad-cloth coat. This practice of giving to a building of granite or sandstone, a facing of planed boards along the upper part of its front, is an American fashion altogether, unknown in any other country, and discreditable both to our taste and our character for security. It is one of the poorest of all shams."

VARIETIES.

OLD TIMES.

[From the German.]

BY HAROLD DANBY.

[It has been the translator's especial care, in the following translation for the *Literary World*, to preserve the metre and peculiarities of the original.]

I.
TIME was, old Karl, when you and I made merry,
In boyhood's morning of our four score life-time—
The stream ran joyous 'neath the buoyant wherry,
That bore us on from breeching-time to wife-time—
From breeching-time to wife-time—
Ah! 'twas the pleasant life-time;
Of rife days of bliss—good luck it was most rife-time!
And memory that loudest of all high-guns,
Roars, like a ghost, of things amid the by-gones.

II.
Dost thou remember, goodly friend—when beardless
And wayward urchins, without elog or stocking,
We climbed up hills where browsed the wild goat,
herdless,
Seant, withered, grazing from the rock-speared
Broken?
From the rock-sentried Broken,
Where sprites slept every rock on,
And Legend's dearest empire stood, despite the
shock on
Shock, that Modern Civilizers brought us,
To steal the ties God—sod—and sire taught us.

III.
And then as we grew smoother, and less boyish;
Sleeper of hair—in body stout, and shank-hard,
Sweet dreamland first 't's portals sped, and boyish
Dugged my wild soul from Heaven's anointed tankard.
From Nature's dew-'nointed tankard,
In those wild days I drank hard
Till all save Love and poesie was as a blank-card
To me—ay, Karl, earth seemed in times of olden,
A jewelled bubble topazed o'er and Golden!

M. N. S.—Patrick Murphy, Esq., Weather Prophet, published his celebrated Weather Almanac in 1838, with the appendage to his name,

M. N. S., which initials, on inquiring, he acknowledged to imply, "Member of No Society."—*Gents. Mag.*

LEGEND OF VENUS.—"In Eryx in Sicily, there is a certain time of the year which they call the Anagoge, during which they say that Venus departs for Libya, and then the doves all vanish in the neighborhood, as if they too accompanied the goddess; and after nine days, at the period called the Catagogia, a single white dove is suddenly seen flying from the sea in the direction of her temple; and then, too, all the others return. And all the wealthy inhabitants who live near make this a season of much festivity, and the common people also applaud with great joy. And in those days the whole place appears to smell as of butter; and they receive this as a sign of the goddess's return."—Athenæus' "Suppers of the Deipnosophists." (*Gents. Mag.*, April, 1848, "An Hour with Athenæus.")

LOST AUTHORS.—"Schrell says that Athenæus had read and made extracts from 800 plays belonging to the middle comedy; he quotes about 1500 lost works, and the names of about 700 writers, many of which, but for him, would be entirely unknown. . . . I know not if any other ancient author records that Plato was very fond of figs, and that Philip and Alexander were equally fond of apples, and that the latter having found a large orchard near Babylon, caused a great many baskets to be filled with them, and the soldiers pelted each other in a kind of mimic conflict."—*Id.*

PEANUT DRAMA OF ANTIQUITY.—

"Offenduntur enim, quibus est equus, et pater, et res,

Nec, si quid frieti ciceris probat et nucis emptor,
Æquis accipiunt animis, donantve corona."

HOR. *ad Pisones*, 248-250.

CAPTAIN CUTTLE.—A correspondent of the *Gentleman's Magazine* remarks that Dickens appears to have derived the name of one of his most popular characters from *Peppy's Diary*. At date, Feb. 8th, 1660-1, we read "CAPTAIN CUTTLE, and Curtis, and Mootharm, and I, went to the Fleece tavern to drink; and there we spent till four o'clock, telling stories of Algiers, and the manner of life of slaves there."

MUDDLING AWAY AN INCOME.—None are less respected than a man who muddles away a large income nobody knows how. For all expenditure there should be something to show, and that something ought to have either usefulness, or dignity, or permanence, to recommend it. But every now and then we meet with cases of expenditure perfectly mysterious. A man of princely inheritance or preferment does nothing, makes no figure, helps nobody, has no expensive taste, yet not only spends every sixpence of his income, but gets into difficulties. His domain is neglected, his house ill furnished, his equipages shabby, his servants ill paid, his subscriptions in arrears, his hospitality mean, his sons stunted, his daughters portionless, his estate encumbered; in fact, everything goes to rack and ruin about him. Instead of performing his part in sustaining the great fabric of society as far as his influence extends, there is one vast dilapidation. He may be said to crumble and crash in every direction. Nobody can say where the money is gone. It has not benefited friends, assisted dependents, built churches, fertilized the soil, ornamented the country, delighted the town, or done anything that a man can lay his hand upon. It has all been dribbled and fribbled away on hollow pretences and petty occasions, without either system or object. It has won neither gratitude, nor admiration, nor respect.—*London Times*.

CURIOUS SPANISH SPORT.—One day I was present at a *funcion de novillos*, a kind of juvenile bullfight, in which young beasts are brought to be bullied, and, if possible, killed by young men. It is a kind of parody of a real bullfight, nothing of its pomp, and circumstance, and danger; a farce instead of a tragedy, very grotesque and ludicrous. For instance, a man in night-gown and night-cap is brought in upon a bed, shamming sickness, and is placed in the middle of the arena. Then a young bull, with his horns sheathed in cork, is let

in; of course he rushes at the only prominent object, the bed, and turns it over and over; the sick man taking care so to dispose the mattresses and bolsters that the animal may spend his fury upon them and not upon him. At another time several men are set upright in round wicker baskets, about five feet high, with neither top nor bottom. The bull charges these, one after the other, knocks them down, and rolls them along with his horns. It is great fun to watch the evident perplexity of the beast when he sees their spontaneous motion. Then, when his back is turned, the attendants jump over the barrier and set the baskets on their legs again; and the same joke is repeated till one is tired of it. The unpractised matadors generally fail in attempting the fatal stroke; so the poor defenceless animal has to be dispatched by means of the media luna, an instrument, as its name imports, shaped like a half-moon, and attached to a long pole. Armed with this, a man comes slyly behind and hamstring him; after which he is feloniously slain with a knife plunged through the spinal vertebra. We could not refrain from loudly expressing our disgust at this barbarity, to the great amusement of our neighbors, to whom the spectacle was familiar. An English lady was sitting not far off, and looked on without the slightest change of color. I charitably hoped that she was rouged for the nonce.—*Gazpecho*.

HISTORY OF A FEMALE PHILOSOPHER'S FAMILY.—I have had for a guest C——. There is something remarkable in the history of this family. His grandmother was a she-philosopher, a sort of animal much worse than a she-bear. Her house-keeper having broken her leg, she was exceedingly indignant at not being able to convince her that there was no such thing as pain; and when the poor woman complained that the children disturbed her by playing in a room over her head, she insisted upon it that that was impossible, because it was the nature of sound to ascend; and, therefore, she could not be disturbed unless they played in the room under her. The good lady bred up her children as nearly as she could upon Rousseau's maxims, and was especially careful that they should receive no religious instruction whatever. Her daughter had nearly grown up before she ever entered a church, and then she earnestly entreated a friend to take her there from motives of curiosity. This daughter has become a truly religious woman. The son has not departed from the way in which he was trained up; but, as he is not a hater of religion, only an unbeliever in it, and has a good living in his gift, he chooses that his only son should take orders, this living being the most convenient means of providing an immediate establishment for him! C—— introduced himself to me about three years ago by sending me some poems, which for a youth of seventeen were almost better than should be wished. * * * When he first proposed to visit me, his father was thrown into a paroxysm of anger, notwithstanding the *mollia tempora fandi* had been chosen for venturing to make the request; but he suffered him to see me in London last year. He had formed a notion that I was a Methodist, and drank nothing but water; and I believe it raised me considerably in his estimation, when C—— assured him that I seemed to enjoy wine as much as any man.—*Southey's Life and Correspondence*.

"PRESS ON."

A RIVULET'S SONG.

"Just under an island, 'midst rushes and moss,
I was born of a rock spring, and dew;
I was shaded by trees whose branches and leaves
Ne'er suffered the sun to gaze through.

"I wandered around the steep brow of a hill,
Where the daisies and violets fair
Were shaking the mist from their wakening eyes,
And pouring their breath on the air.

"Then I crept gently on, and I moistened the feet
Of a shrub which enfolded a nest—
The bird in return sang his merriest song,
And showed me his leathery crest.

"How joyous I felt in the bright afternoon.
When the sun, riding off in the west,
Came out in red gold from behind the green trees
And burnished my tremulous breast!"

"My memory now can return to the time
When the breeze murmured low plaintive tones,
While I wasted the day in dancing away,
Or playing with pebbles and stones.

"It points to the hour when the rain pattered down,
Oft resting awhile in the trees,
Then quickly descending it ruffled my calm,
And whispered to me of the seas.

"'Twas then the first wish found a home in my breast,
To increase as time hurries along;
'Twas then I first learned to hush softly the words
Which I now love so proudly—"Press on!"

"I'll make wider my bed, as onward I tread,
A deep mighty river I'll be—
'Press on!' all the day will I sing on my way,
'Till I enter the far-spreading sea."

It ceased. A youth lingered beside its green edge
'Till the stars in its face brightly shone;
He hoped the sweet strain would re-echo again—
But he just heard a murmur—"Press on!"
An American Poet's Contribution to Dickens's Household Words.

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RUSSELL'S TREATISE ON EDUCATION.—*Messrs. Ticknor, Reed, and Fields*—Gentlemen:—A friend put into my hands, lately, a volume entitled the "*National Speaker*," edited by a Mr. McLathlin. In this work are several passages in which modes of instruction and exercises, originally introduced by myself as a teacher, and stated in my elementary treatise on elocution, entitled *Orthophony*, are copied,—not, indeed, *verbatim*,—but *transferred, with a change of expression*. I can only say, that I was not applied to, in this, as in other similar cases, for permission to make this transfer, and I consider the matter as an infringement not only of the courtesy due between living authors, but as an encroachment on your property, as well as mine. My aversion to the use of "legal remedies" will not permit me to suggest any resort of that description. But I trust that some proper means may be used to make booksellers and teachers aware of the circumstances under which such works as the *Speaker* are got up.

Yours, respectfully,

WILLIAM RUSSELL.

Merrimack Normal Institute, 29th April, 1850.

P. S. I observe a similar liberty to the above in Leavitt's Fourth Reader.

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